THE BOOKMAN

CENSORING THE CENSOR

By Heywood Broun

MICE and canaries were sometimes employed in France to detect the presence of gas. When these little things began to die in their cages the soldiers knew that the air had become dangerous. Some such system should be devised for censorship to make it practical. Even with the weight of authority behind him no bland person, with virtue obviously unruffled, is altogether convincing when he announces that the book he has just read or the moving picture he has seen is so hideously immoral that it constitutes a danger to the community. For my part I always feel that if he can stand it so can I. To the best of my knowledge and belief, Mr. Sumner was not swayed from his usual course of life by so much as a single peccadillo for all of "Jurgen". There is not even any evidence that he teetered. His indignation was altogether altruistic. He feared for the fate of weaker men and women.

Every theatrical manager, every motion picture producer, and every publisher knows, to his sorrow, that the business of estimating the effect of any piece of imaginative work upon others is precarious and uncertain. Genius would be required to predict accurately the reaction of the general public to any set piece which seems immoral to the censor. For instance, why was Mr. Sumner so certain that "Jurgen", which inspired him with horror and loathing, would prove a persuasive temptation to all the rest of the world? Censorship is serious and drastic business; it should never rest merely upon guesswork and more particularly not upon the guesses of men so staunch in morals that they are obviously of distant kin to the rest of humanity.

The censor should be a person of a type capable of being blasted for the sins of the people. His job can be elevated to dignity only when the world realizes that he runs horrid risks. If we should choose our censors from fal-

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lible folk we might have proof instead of opinions. Suppose the censor of "Jurgen" had been someone other than Mr. Sumner, someone so unlike the head of the vice society that after reading Mr. Cabell's book he had come out of his room, not quivering with rage, but leering and wearing vine leaves. In such case the rest would be easy. It would merely be necessary to shadow the censor until he met his first dryad. His wink would be sufficient evidence and might serve as a cue for the rescuers to rush forward and save him. Of course there would then be no necessity for legal proceedings in regard to the book. Expert testimony as to its possible effects would be irrelevant. We would know and we could all join cheerfully in the bonfire.

To my mind there are three possible positions which may logically be taken concerning censorship. It might be entrusted to the wisest man in the world, to a series of average men,—or be abolished. Unfortunately it has been our experience that there is a distinct affinity between fools and censorship. It seems to be one of those treading grounds where they rush in. To be sure, we ought to admit a prejudice at the outset and acknowledge that we were a reporter in France during the war at a time when censors seemed a little more ridiculous than usual. We still remember the young American lieutenant who held up a story of a boxing match in Saint-Nazaire because the reporter wrote, "In the fourth round Macbeth landed a nice right on the Irishman's nose and the claret began to flow." "I'm sorry," said the censor, "but we have strict orders from Major Palmer that no mention of wine or liquor is to be allowed in any story about the American army."

Nor have we forgotten the story of General Pétain's mustache. "Why," asked Junius Wood of the "Globe", "have you held up my story? All the rest have gone."

"Unfortunately," answered the courteous Frenchman, "you have twice used the expression General Pétain's 'white mustache'. I might stretch a point and let you say 'grey mustache' but I should much prefer to have you say 'blond mustache'."

"Oh, make it green with purple spots," said Junius.

The use of average men in censorship would necessitate sacrifices to the persuasive seduction of immorality, as I have suggested, and moreover there are very few average men. Accordingly, I am prepared to abandon that plan of censorship. The wisest man in the world is too old and too busy with his plays and has announced that he will never come to America. Accordingly we venture to suggest that in time of peace we try to get along without any censorship of plays or books or moving pictures. I have no desire, of course, to leave Mr. Sumner unemployed—it would perhaps be only fair to allow him to slosh around among the picture post cards.

Once official censorship had been officially abolished, a strong and able censorship would immediately arise consisting of the playgoing and reading public. It is a rather offensive error to assume that the vast majority of folk in America are rarin' to get to dirty books and dirty plays. It is the experience of New York managers that the run of the merely salacious play is generally short. The success which a few nasty books have had has been largely because of the fact that they came close to the line of things which are forbidden. Without the

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prohibition there would be little popularity.

To save myself from the charge of hypocrisy I should add that personally I believe there ought to be a certain amount of what we now know as immoral writing. It would do no harm in a community brought up to take it or let it alone. It is well enough for the reading public and the critic to use terms such as *moral* or *immoral,* but they hardly belong in the vocabulary of an artist. I have heard it said that before Lucifer left Heaven there were no such things as virtues and vices. The world was equipped with a certain number of traits which were qualities without distinction or shame. But when Lucifer and the heavenly hosts drifted into their eternal warfare it was agreed that each side should recruit an equal number of these human, and at that time unclassified, qualities. A coin was tossed and, whether fair chance or sharp miracle, Heaven won.

"I choose Blessedness," said the Captain of the Angels. It should be explained that the selection was made without previous medical examination, and Blessedness seemed at that time a much more robust recruit than he has since turned out to be. A tendency to flat foot is always hard to detect.

"Give me Beauty," said Lucifer, and from that day to this the artists of the world have been divided into two camps—those who wished to achieve beauty and those who wished to achieve blessedness, those who wanted to make the world better and those who were indifferent to its salvation if they could only succeed in making it a little more personable.

However, the conflict is not quite so simple as that. Late in the afternoon when the Captain of the Angels had picked Unselfishness and Moderation and Faith and Hope and Abstinence, and Lucifer had called to his side Pride and Gluttony and Anger and Lust and Tactlessness, there remained only two more qualities to be apportioned to the contending sides. One of them was Sloth, who was obviously overweight, and the other was a furtive little fellow with his cap down over his eyes.

"What's your name?" said the Captain of the Angels.

"Truth," stammered the little fellow.

"Speak up," said the Captain of the Angels so sharply that Lucifer remonstrated, saying, "Hold on there; Anger's on my side."

"Truth," said the little fellow again but with the same somewhat indistinct utterance which has always been so puzzling to the world.

"I don't understand you," said the Captain of the Angels, "but if it's between you and Sloth I'll take a chance with you. Stop at the locker room and get your harp and halo."

Now today even Lucifer will admit, if you get him in a corner, that Truth is the mightiest warrior of them all. The only trouble is his truancy. Sometimes he can't be found for centuries. Then he will bob up unexpectedly, break a few heads, and skip away. Nothing can stand against him. Lucifer's best ally, Beauty, is no match for him. Truth holds every decision. But the trouble is that he still keeps his cap down over his eyes, and he still mumbles his words, and nobody knows him until he is at least fifty years away and moving fast. At that distance he seems to grow bigger, and he

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invariably reaches into his back pocket and puts on his halo so that people can recognize him. Still, when he comes along the next time and is face to face with any man of this world, the mortal is pretty sure to say, "Your face is familiar but I can't seem to place you."

There is no denying that he isn't a good mixer. But for that he would be an excellent censor.

DRAGON

By Jeannette Marks

SOME saw a dragon eating up the light,
Oho! Oho! Oho, ho, ho!
Some heard a lost bird riding out the night,
Oho! Oho! Oho, ho, ho!

But I saw:
A low dark hill with its twisted back,
Two wings of flame from the green cloud rack,
A sprawling flank overlaid with leaf
Glitter and gleam and shine like steel.
Crackle and lash like a serpent's tail!

And I heard:
The wind draw out of the west and wail,
Dance and stagger and jig and reel
With the long low sound of a life in grief!

I saw a life in grief
Oho! Oho! Oho, ho, ho!
Dance and stagger and jig and reel!
Oho! Oho! Oho, ho, ho!

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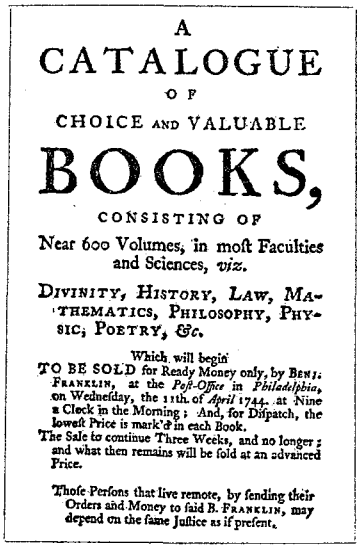
BENJAMIN FRANKLIN, BOOKMAN

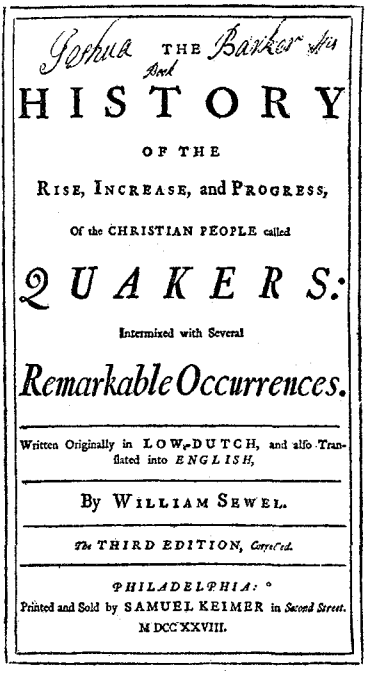
By Asa Don Dickinson

FRANKLIN was a true bookman if ever there was one. He has told us that he could not remember the time when he was unable to read. Throughout all but the first two or three of the eighty-four years of his


A
CATALOGUE
OF
CHOICE AND VALUABLE
BOOKS,
CONSISTING OF
Near 600 Volumes, in moſt Faculties and Sciences, *viz.*
DIVINITY, HISTORY, LAW, MATHEMATICS, PHILOSOPHY, PHYSIC, POETRY, *&c.*
Which will begin
TO BE SOLD for Ready Money only, by BENJ. FRANKLIN, at the *Poſt-Office* in *Philadelphia*, on Wedneſday, the 11th. of *April* 1744. at Nine a Clock in the Morning; And, for Diſpatch, the loweſt Price is mark'd in each Book.
The Sale to continue Three Weeks, and no longer; and what then remains will be ſold at an advanced Price.
Thoſe Perſons that live remote, by ſending their Orders and Money to ſaid B. FRANKLIN, may depend on the ſame Juſtice as if preſent.

life books were woven into all the texture of his days. He read books, wrote books, compiled books, edited books, printed books, published books, and sold books. To review the principal title-pages with which he had to do, and the circumstances which called them forth, is to enjoy a bird's-eye view of the whole panorama of his life. Nearly all the illustrations shown herewith are from originals in the Curtis Collection of Franklin Imprints, now part of the Library of the University of Pennsylvania—"Franklin's College."

As a book-hungry little boy he devoured even the sawdusty polemic divinity which formed the major part of his father's library. But there was Plutarch too, fortunately, as well as a pair of titles which, he tells us, gave him a turn of thinking that had an influence on some of the principal events of his life. These were DeFoe's "Essay on Projects" and Mather's "Essays to do Good". Of the latter he said, "I have always set a greater value on the character of a doer of good than on any other kind of reputation; and if I have been...a useful citizen, the public owes the advantage of it to that book."


Joshua THE Baker &c.
And
HISTORY
OF THE
RISE, INCREASE, and PROGRESS,
Of the CHRISTIAN PEOPLE called
QUAKERS:
Intermixed with Several
Remarkable Occurrences.
Written Originally in LOW-DUTCH, and alſo Tranſlated into *ENGLISH*,
By WILLIAM SEWEL.
The THIRD EDITION, Corrected.
PHILADELPHIA:
Printed and Sold by SAMUEL KEIMER in *Second Street*.
M DCC XXVIII.

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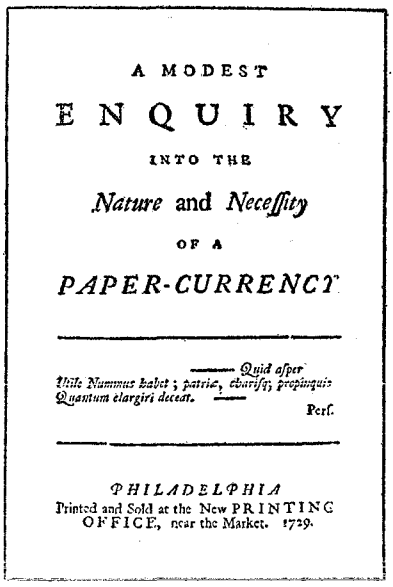


A MODEST

ENQUIRY

INTO THE

Nature and *Neceſſity*

OF A

PAPER-CURRENCY

——— *Quid aſper*
Utile Nummus habet; patriæ, charisq; propinquis
Quantum elargiri deceat. ———
Perſ.

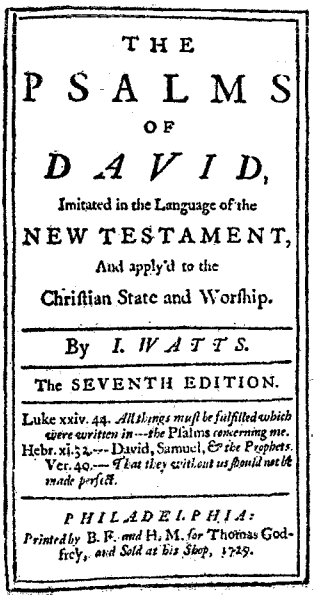
PHILADELPHIA
Printed and Sold at the New PRINTING OFFICE, near the Market. 1729.

At twelve years of age Benjamin was apprenticed to his printer brother, James. The latter's imprints are very rare, but one is shown herewith that was issued the year after the apprenticeship began. It is fair to assume that this "Catalogue of Choice and Valuable Books" was one of the first "jobs" which the youngster helped to set up.

Five years in his bullying brother's service were all that the high-spirited lad could stand. He ran away to Philadelphia and spent a year there as a journeyman printer; and in 1724 we find him in England. The following year he was working for Palmer, the London printer. He became greatly interested in "The Religion of Nature", on which he worked as a compositor. Some of the slovenly reasoning in this book challenged the boy's active brain, and in rebuttal he composed what has been called his "wicked tract". This was the "Dissertation on Liberty and Necessity". Only a hundred copies were printed, and most of these he destroyed, as he soon repented this piece of work. The Library of Congress is in possession of one of the two copies known to be still in existence.

Franklin led rather a gay life in London when his day's work was over, but after eighteen months he welcomed the chance to turn over a new leaf and return to sober Philadelphia. The voyage home gave him time for serious reflection which bore fruit in the manual of private devotion prepared shortly after his return. He did not publish this "Articles of Belief and Acts of Religion", but the manuscript is today in the archives of the State Department.

On his return Franklin abandoned his trade for a few months and served as a merchant's clerk till the death of his employer drove him again to work for his former master, Keimer, who was busy at the time printing Sewel's "History of the Quakers". But the financial aid of one Meredith, father of a fellow workman, soon enabled



THE

PSALMS

OF

DAVID,

Imitated in the Language of the

NEW TESTAMENT,

And apply'd to the

Chriſtian State and Worſhip.

By *I. WATTS.*

The SEVENTH EDITION.

Luke xxiv. 44. *All things muſt be fulfilled which were written in---the* Pſalms *concerning me.*
Hebr. xi. 32.--- David, Samuel, *&the* Prophets.
Ver. 40.--- *That they without us ſhould not be made perfect.*

PHILADELPHIA:
Printed by B. F. *and* H. M. *for* Thomas Godfrey, *and Sold at his Shop,* 1729.

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THE Widow READ, removed from the upper End of Highſtreet to the *New Printing-Office* near the Market, continues to make and ſell her well-known Ointment for the ITCH, with which ſhe has cured abundance of People in and about this City for many Years paſt. It is always effectual for that purpoſe, and never fails to perform the Cure ſpeedily It alſo kills or drives away all Sorts of Lice in once or twice uſing. It has no offenſive Smell, but rather a pleaſant one; and may be uſed without the leaſt Apprehenſion of Danger, even to a ſucking Infant, being perfectly innocent and ſafe. Price 2 *s.* a Gallypot containing an Ounce; which is ſufficient to remove the moſt inveterate Itch, and render the Skin clear and ſmooth.

She alſo continues to make and ſell her excellent *Family Salve* or Ointment, for Burns or Scalds, (Price 1 *s.* an Ounce) and ſeveral other Sorts of Ointments and Salves as uſual.

At the ſame Place may be had *Lockyer's Pills*, at 3 *d.* a Pill.

An Advertisement with a Family Flavor

ALL Persons indebted to Benj Franklin, Printer of this Paper, are deſired to ſend in their reſpective Payments: (Thoſe Subscribers for the News excepted, from whom a Twelve-Month's Pay is not yet due).

Gentlemen, it is but a little to each of you, though it will be a conſiderable Sum to me; and lying in many hands wide from each other, (according to the Nature of our Buſineſs) it is highly inconvenient and ſcarce practical for me to call upon every One; I ſhall therefore think myſelf particularly obliged, and take it very kind of thoſe, who are mindful to ſend or bring it in without further Notice.

A Graceful Effort in Bill Collecting

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THE
GENERAL MAGAZINE,
AND
Hiſtorical Chronicle,
For all the *Britiſh* Plantations in *America.*
[To be Continued Monthly.]

JANUARY, 1741.

VOL. I.

PHILADELPHIA:
Printed and Sold by B. FRANKLIN.

M. T. CICERO's
CATO MAJOR,
OR HIS
DISCOURSE
OF
OLD-AGE:
With Explanatory NOTES.

PHILADELPHIA:
Printed and Sold by B. FRANKLIN,
MDCCXLIV.

Poor Richard, 1733.
AN
Almanack
For the Year of Chriſt
1733,
Being the Firſt after LEAP YEAR:

And makes ſince the Creation	Years
By the Account of the Eaſtern *Greeks*	7241
By the Latin Church when ☉ ent. ♈	6932
By the Computation *W. W.*	5742
By the *Roman* Chronology	5682
By the *Jewiſh* Rabbies	5493

Wherein is contained
The Lunations, Eclipſes, Judgment of the Weather, Spring Tides, Planets Motions & mutual Aſpects, Sun and Moon's Riſing and Setting, Length of Days, Time of High Water, Fairs, Courts, and obſervable Days.
Fitted to the Latitude of Forty Degrees, and a Meridian of Five Hours Weſt from *London,* but may without ſenſible Error, ſerve all the adjacent Places, even from *Newfoundland* to *South-Carolina.*
By *RICHARD SAUNDERS,* Philom.
PHILADELPHIA:
Printed and ſold by *B. FRANKLIN,* at the New Printing-Office near the Market.

Juſt Publiſhed,
And to be ſold by B. FRANKLIN, the following BOOKS,

I. THE POCKET ALMANACK, for the Year 1745.

II. *PAMELA: or* VIRTUE *rewarded. In a Series of* FAMILIAR LETTERS *from a beautiful young Damſel, to her Parents. Now firſt Publiſhed, in order to cultivate the Principles of* Virtue *and* Religion *in the Minds of the* Youth *of* both Sexes.
A Narrative which has its Foundation in Truth *and* Nature; *and at the ſame time that it agreeably entertains, by a Variety of* curious *and* affecting INCIDENTS, *is intirely diveſted of all thoſe Images, which, in too many Pieces, calculated for Amuſement only, tend to* inflame *the Minds they ſhould* inſtruct. Price 6 s.

III. A Preſervative from the Sins and Follies of Childhood and Youth, *written by way of Queſtion and Anſwer. To which are added, ſome Religious and Moral Inſtructions, in Verſe.* By I. Watts, D. D. Price 8 d.

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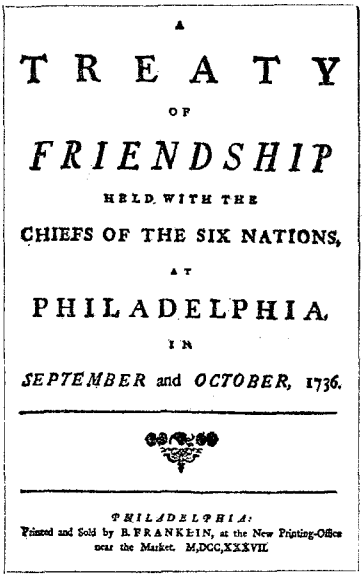

A

TREATY

OF

FRIENDSHIP

HELD WITH THE

CHIEFS OF THE SIX NATIONS,

AT

PHILADELPHIA,

IN

SEPTEMBER and OCTOBER, 1736.

PHILADELPHIA:
Printed and Sold by B. FRANKLIN, at the New Printing-Office near the Market. M,DCC,XXXVII.

Franklin and young Meredith to set up in business for themselves. The "Psalms of David" was probably the first book to bear a Franklin imprint. It was not a lucky venture, for Franklin complained that it remained upon his shelves "for above two years", whereas he had known a large impression of Robin Hood's Songs to go off in a twelvemonth. "A Modest Enquiry", one of their succeeding productions, was more fortunate. This plea for unsound money and plenty of it was well received and won the new firm the printing of the paper money —"a very profitable job and a great help to me", says Franklin. Some have doubted his sincerity in writing this "Modest Enquiry". At any rate he expressed very different views later in life, when he had acquired some share of this world's goods.

As a boy of seventeen in Boston Franklin had been the nominal publisher of "The New England Courant", his brother having been forbidden to print it, "except it be first supervised by the Secretary of the Province". The issue for February 4-11, 1723, the first piece of printing to bear Benjamin Franklin's name as publisher, is headed by an explanatory statement by the pretended new proprietor.

Six years later, October 2, 1729, appeared the first issue of the famous newspaper for which he was truly responsible, "The Pennsylvania Gazette". He bought this for a song after having nearly ruined it by clever contributions to a rival sheet. These of course ceased when he acquired the "Gazette", and thanks to his efforts the rival soon began to languish and the "Gazette" to flourish. To the modern reader, the advertisements are not the least of this newspaper's charms. Many of them were written by Franklin himself. Even his requests to his subscribers to pay their debts are well worth reading, and now and then there is an advertisement with a strong *family* flavor; for example, his mother-in-law's description of her "ointment for the itch", which could be secured at two shillings the gallypot "at the *New Printing-Office* near the Market".

Franklin did a great many things before anyone else thought of doing them, but "The Pennsylvania Gazette" contained at least three "firsts" that are not at all well known. The rough "Plan for the Town and Harbour of Louisburgh"—he made the cut—is

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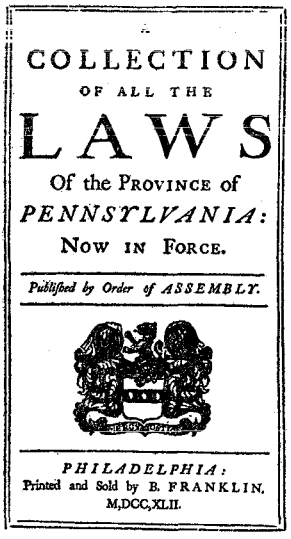
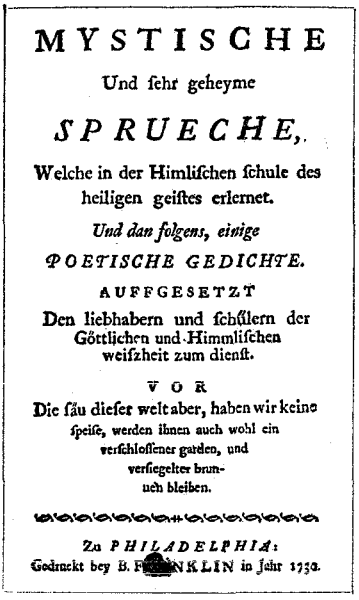
said to have been the first attempt to illustrate news. "Join or Die", the familiar sketch of the chopped up serpent, each piece representing one of the Colonies, was entirely the work of his hands. This first newspaper cartoon appeared in the "Gazette", May 9, 1754. Franklin published the first novel printed in this country, Richardson's "Pamela"; but no copies of it are known to exist today. The bright idea of newspaper serialization was to come later and the novel did not appear in the "Gazette". It was announced there, however, along with other of his publications, and thus the "Gazette" won the distinction of containing the first advertisement of fiction printed in America. The files of Franklin's newspaper are much sought after by collectors, especially the extraordinary issues like the black-bordered "Stamp Act Number" of October 31, 1765. The Pennsylvania


COLLECTION
OF ALL THE
LAWS
Of the PROVINCE of
PENNSYLVANIA:
NOW IN FORCE.
Published by Order of ASSEMBLY.
PHILADELPHIA:
Printed and Sold by B. FRANKLIN,
M,DCC,XLII.

Historical Society and the University of Pennsylvania must divide the honors of possessing the most complete files of the "Gazette" and the best collections of his other imprints, while


MYSTISCHE
Und ſehr geheyme
SPRUECHE,
Welche in der Himliſchen ſchule des heiligen geiſtes erlernet.
Und dan folgens, einige
POETISCHE GEDICHTE.
AUFFGESETZT
Den liebhabern und ſchülern der Göttlichen und Himmliſchen weiſzheit zum dienſt.
VOR
Die ſäu dieſer welt aber, haben wir keine ſpeiſe, werden ihnen auch wohl ein verſchloſſener garden, und verſiegelter brunnen bleiben.
Zu PHILADELPHIA:
Gedruckt bey B. FRANKLIN in jahr 1730.

the American Philosophical Society is incomparably rich in manuscript Frankliniana.

The firm of Franklin and Meredith lasted only a year. Then the industrious senior member was able to buy out the wastrel junior. "Mystische und sehr geheyme Sprueche", 1730, is the first book to bear the imprint of Franklin alone. The only perfect copy known is in the Library of the University of Pennsylvania. Like all the German books of that date in the Colonies, it is in Roman type.

The enterprise which more than any other won for Franklin lasting fame was undoubtedly "Poor Richard's Almanack" and the wise sayings culled from its pages which are combined in "Father Abraham's Speech" or "The Way to Wealth". The first issue appeared in 1733. The Curtis Collection contains no fewer than sixty-five varieties of his almanacs. He was probably the greatest producer in his day of this then popular form of literature.

He made a specialty of publishing

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Indian treaties also. No less than fourteen bear his name as printer, the earliest being dated 1737. Twelve of the fourteen are in the Curtis Collection, and four of the twelve are enriched with marginal notes in Franklin's own hand, specially made for the Earl of Shelburne, then Prime Minister of England.

The first number of Franklin's "General Magazine" appeared in January, 1741, three days after the début of Bradford's "American Magazine". So Franklin's venture by a narrow margin lost the distinction of being the first American monthly. Both babes seem to have been brought forth untimely, or perhaps there was not sufficient sustenance for both. At any rate neither completed the first year of its existence.

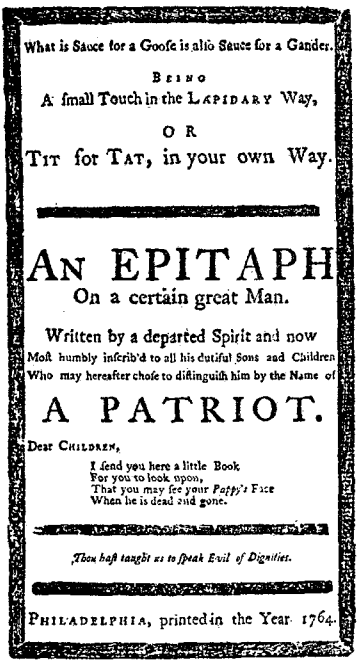
Curiously enough Franklin was a great admirer of Whitefield, the English preacher. The skeptical printer had a chief part in building for Whitefield a great hall which later became the cradle of the University of Pennsylvania. Many publications by and about Whitefield issued from Franklin's press. The "Letter from Whitefield to Wesley", 1741, is chiefly remarkable because the title-page contains a typographical error—a great curiosity in a work emanating from the "New Printing-Office".

Franklin's popularity and political prominence made it an easy matter for him to secure the profitable work of printing the new laws of Pennsylvania and some neighboring Colonies. Typographical experts say that one of his very best title-pages is the one contained in the "Collection of All the Laws of . . . Pennsylvania", 1742.

The "Catalogue of Choice and Valuable Books", which appeared about this date, shows that the rising young publicist still found time to tempt his fellow citizens to indulge their literary appetites.

In 1744 appeared the handsomest production of Franklin's press—Cicero's "Cato Major". The publisher says that he printed this

. . . . in a large and fair character, that those who begin to think on the subject of OLD AGE, (which seldom happens till their sight is some-


What is Sauce for a Goose is alſo Sauce for a Gander.

BEING

A ſmall Touch in the LAPIDARY Way,

OR

TIT for TAT, in your own Way.

AN EPITAPH

On a certain great Man.

Written by a departed Spirit and now Moſt humbly inſcrib'd to all his dutiful Sons and Children Who may hereafter chuſe to diſtinguiſh him by the Name of

A PATRIOT.

Dear CHILDREN,

I ſend you here a little Book
For you to look upon,
That you may ſee your *Pappy's* Face
When he is dead and gone.

Thou haſt taught us to ſpeak Evil of Dignities.

PHILADELPHIA, printed in the Year 1764.

what impaired by its approaches) may not, in Reading, by the *Pain* small Letters give the *Eyes*, feel the *Pleasure* of the Mind in the least allayed.

"Plain Truth", 1747, was his exposure of the Colonists' defenseless position in perilous times. So interested was he in the dissemination of this pamphlet that he not only advertised it in the "Gazette", but himself wrote two puffs for it which appeared in a later issue. One was cryptically signed "X"; the other purported to come from the hand of "a Presbyterian".

The University of Pennsylvania

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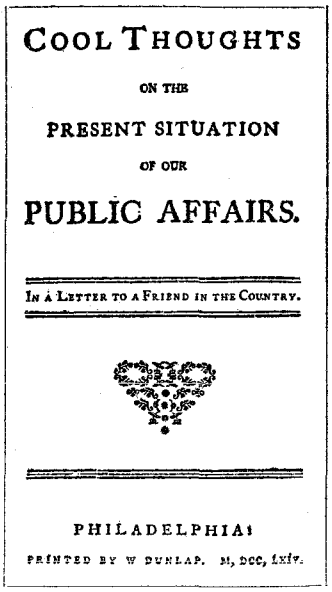


COOL THOUGHTS

ON THE

PRESENT SITUATION

OF OUR

PUBLIC AFFAIRS.

IN A LETTER TO A FRIEND IN THE COUNTRY.

PHILADELPHIA:

PRINTED BY W DUNLAP. M, DCC, LXIV.

traces its genesis to his "Proposals Relating to the Education of Youth".

In 1749 I was encouraged to hazard another project, that of a Public Education for our Youth. Before I went about to procure subscriptions I thought it proper to prepare the mind of the people by a Pamphlet, which I wrote, and printed and distributed with my newspapers gratis.

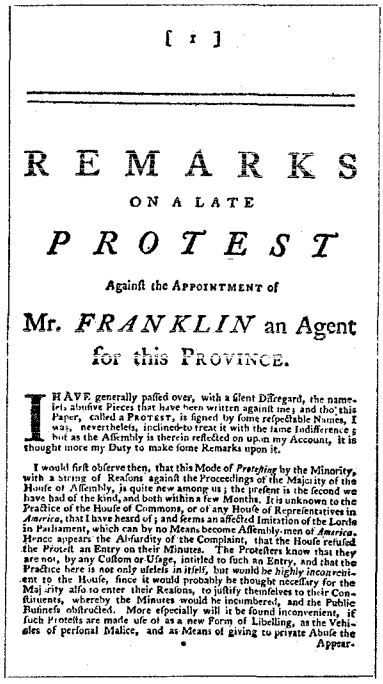
"What is Sauce for a Goose", 1764, is an example by an unknown hand of the many political squibs against Franklin. A man so active must have enemies. This pamphlet is chiefly interesting because of the doggerel on the title-page:

I send you here a little Book
For you to look upon,
That you may see your *Pappy's* face
When he is dead and gone.

"Pappy", be it understood, was generally known to be Dame Franklin's pet name for her distinguished lord.

It was an age of pamphlets. "Cool Thoughts on the Present Situation of our Public Affairs", 1764, was Franklin's contribution to the cause of those who advocated a change from the proprietary to the royal form of government—a private concern of Pennsylvanians that was destined soon to be swallowed up in the grievances of all the Colonies against the Crown. This pamphlet was anonymous and issued under another's imprint.

When Franklin was appointed agent of the Colonies in London, his political opponents—chief among whom was John Dickinson—protested with much paper and ink. The appointee promptly countered with some "Remarks on a Protest against the Appointment of Mr. Franklin", 1764.



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REMARKS

ON A LATE

PROTEST

Against the APPOINTMENT of

Mr. *FRANKLIN* an Agent for this PROVINCE.

I HAVE generally paſſed over, with a ſlent Diſregard, the nameleſs abuſive Pieces that have been written againſt me; and tho' this Paper, called a PROTEST, is ſigned by ſome reſpectable Names, I way, nevertheleſs, inclined to treat it with the ſame Indifference; but as the Aſſembly is therein reflected on upon my Account, it is thought more my Duty to make ſome Remarks upon it.

I would firſt obſerve then, that this Mode of *Proteſting* by the Minority, with a String of Reaſons againſt the Proceedings of the Majority of the Houſe of Aſſembly, is quite new among us; the preſent is the ſecond we have had of the kind, and both within a few Months. It is unknown to the Practice of the Houſe of Commons, or of any Houſe of Repreſentatives in *America*, that I have heard of; and ſeems an affected Imitation of the Lords in Parliament, which can by no Means become Aſſembly-men of *America*. Hence appears the Abſurdity of the Complaint, that the Houſe refuſed the *Proteſt* an Entry on their Minutes. The Proteſters know that they are not, by any Cuſtom or Uſage, intitled to ſuch an Entry, and that the Practice here is not only uſeleſs in *itſelf*, but would be *highly inconvenient* to the Houſe, ſince it would probably be thought neceſſary for the Majority alſo to enter their Reaſons, to juſtify themſelves to their Conſtituents, whereby the Minutes would be incumbered, and the Public Buſineſs obſtructed. More eſpecially will it be found inconvenient, if ſuch *Proteſts* are made uſe of as a new Form of Libelling, as the Vehicles of perſonal Malice, and as Means of giving to private Abuſe the Appear-

And now we come to one of the most audacious enterprises of this irrepressible man, a souvenir of his long sojourn in England. Like many people today, though no churchgoer himself, he was a firm believer in the attendance of other people at divine worship. Good-naturedly desirous of making this duty as little onerous as might be, he proceeded to abridge the Book of Common Prayer, slashing the

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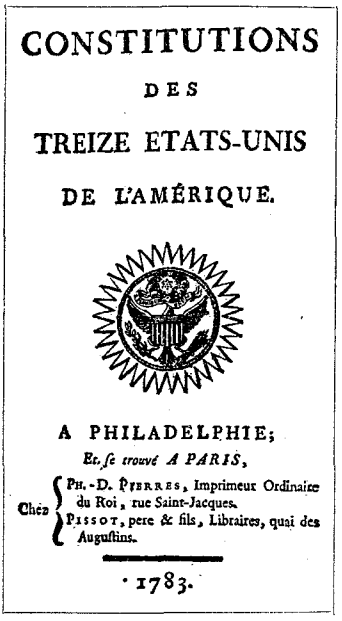
text liberally right and left!* He was assisted in this piece of practical benevolence by an English crony, the once notorious Lord DeSpencer.

"Constitutions des Treize Etats-Unis", 1783, is a reminder of the French enthusiasm for America that Franklin, as our Ambassador, inspired and fostered. Professor McMaster says:

> Franklin had a hasty translation of the state constitutions made by M. Dubourg and spread them over the country. The effect was astonishing. Liberty, constitutions, rights of man, began to be heard on every side.... A few blamed the states for servilely following the laws and usages of England. But the "Mercure de France" was loud in its praises of the constitutions and the opinion of the "Mercure" was the opinion of France.

We have noticed but a small percentage of the known Franklin imprints, yet space permits us to mention only one more. This purports to be an issue of the Boston "Independent Chronicle", but is in fact a product of our Ambassador's private press, set up in his residence at Passy, near Paris. A large quantity of Colonists' scalps, it seems, were captured from Indians "bought with British gold". These were to be sent as a gift to King George! The several invoices with all their copious and bloody details are set forth in full. And cunningly contrived advertisements lend an air of truth to the hoax. In dispatching the papers to an English agent Franklin wrote:

> Enclosed I send you a few copies of a paper that places in a striking light, the English barbarities in America, particularly those committed by the savages at their instigation. The FORM may perhaps not be genuine, but the *substance* is truth; the number of our people of all kinds and ages murdered and scalped by them being known to exceed that of the invoices: Make any use of them you may think proper to shame your Anglomanes, but do not let it be known through what hand they come.


CONSTITUTIONS

DES

TREIZE ETATS-UNIS

DE L'AMÉRIQUE.

A PHILADELPHIE;

Et se trouve A PARIS,

Chez { PH.-D. PIERRES, Imprimeur Ordinaire du Roi, rue Saint-Jacques. PISSOT, pere & fils, Libraires, quai des Auguftins.

1783.

The work of wise old Ben Franklin, bookman, scientist, philanthropist, and statesman, was now nearly finished and he soon returned to his home to be honored and courted by his grateful countrymen, who still sought his counsel in their constitution-making. But he was an old man and surfeited alike with adulation and with great affairs. As soon as he could he retired to his library, at that time the best private collection in America, and spent the evening of his days in the congenial companionship of his well-loved books.

*The book bearing Franklin's own pen-marks is in the Howard Edwards Collection in Philadelphia.

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THE COBBLER OF ACANTHUS ALLEY

By Caleb Wrath

IT was the firm conviction of Acanthus Alley that "Pop" Schoenburg was going crazy.

Acanthus Alley is a world in little. Although it is within earshot of the traffic that rumbles out of Fourteenth Street into Union Square, although all day and all night long its ancient houses tremble at the passage of the subway trains, it has a community life that is very much its own; and, as with larger communities, its approbation and disdain can exalt or debase the individuals in its body. For four year it had debased "Pop" Schoenburg; now it added to its scorn the conviction that he was going crazy.

Properly speaking Acanthus Alley is not an alley, but a little courtyard flanked by two short dingy rows of red brick tenements streaked diagonally by the black iron skeletons of fire escapes. On fine Monday mornings this communal court is gay with the many-colored garments of the O'Malleys and the Seinkovitches, the Cohens and the Bertolottis; and every afternoon the shrill insistence of its children's voices drowns out the nearby rumbling of the city's traffic.

Above the shop window of the little house in which the alley terminates there hangs a very battered sign:

> OTTO SCHOENBURG & SON
> SHOE MAKING AND SHOE REPAIRING

But no one living in Acanthus Alley had ever seen the son. Otto Schoenburg was called "Pop" to devil him because everyone believed that really there had never been a son. But then the oldest resident, except the cobbler himself, had lived there only a little more than three years; for after a short sojourn the residents of the alley usually moved on to better neighborhoods, or else were crowded out by the increasing rents. Only "Pop" Schoenburg owned his house and could not be evicted; but neither did he prosper sufficiently to move on. From the appearance of his decrepit sign one would have said that he had lived there all his life.

Actually that sign had aged preturnaturally from 1917 to 1919: for during those years the over-zealous youngsters of the alley conceived it to be their patriotic duty to bombard the old cobbler's house with bricks. During those years, too, community pride in Acanthus Alley rose to the pitch of considering the purchase of a service flag. But the community's only representative in the army being, so far as anyone could learn, Tim O'Malley—who had always been a loudmouthed nuisance and "was only at Hog Island anyhow"—the alley compromised upon a great American flag. For two years (except on Mondays) it fluttered from the Bertolotti-Seinkovitch clothesline and everybody was proud of having contributed to its purchase except "Pop" Schoenburg. He—the dirty Heinie—would not have been allowed to contribute even if he had wanted to do so.

All day long he could be seen

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through the plate glass window of his shop, sitting morosely on a stool surrounded by old shoes. Now and then his grimy faltering fingers would draw a nail from between his puckered lips, and in the court outside one could hear the dull thud of his hammer. But as the war progressed the shoes about his stool grew fewer, until at last he was without work and his hammer, silent. Only his mouth, although there were no nails in it, maintained its puckered expression as hour after hour he stared vaguely at the flag in the court before him and pretended not to hear the jibes hurled through his window. He was bent and bald, with eyes red-rimmed from strain; and for months after his business had dwindled into nothing he seemed still to smell of new leather and of old shoes, of bee's wax and of blacking....

When the war came to an end the boycott which had been laid upon "Pop" Schoenburg was lifted somewhat. For although he was German-born and old-fashioned, he was a good workman and his prices were more reasonable than those of the automatic shoe repairing parlors. It was only a trickle of his former trade that returned; but once more his mouth was puckered from holding nails and again the smell of his trade was ground into him.

Then it was that Acanthus Alley, its scorn of the old cobbler having become less virulent, made up its mind that he was going crazy.

Mrs. O'Malley first spread the rumor.

"I'm thinkin' it's mad he is, the way he keeps mutterin' and mumblin' all day in his shop and no one there. I am after watchin' him this mornin' while I was gettin' out the wash: not a soul came near him, yet always he kept jabberin' away and jawin'. Surely it is a ghost he sees!"

At first no adults bothered to confirm Mrs. O'Malley's observation; but little knots of wide-eyed children got into the habit of gathering before "Pop" Schoenburg's window to "watch the old gink talkin' to the ghosts!" It was not as if he were merely muttering to himself; for at times he would lay down his work and, half turning on his stool, would talk loudly to a bare wall. If perchance he looked around and saw the open mouths, the flat white noses pressed against his window, he would seize the first object that came to his hand and stump furiously to his door. He would stand there, his head sunk between his shoulders, his eyes red, his lips trembling inarticulately; and in the court before him there would be a great scurrying and screaming and streaming back of pigtails.

So things went on for months with no one but the children paying much attention to the cobbler's eccentricities.

Then one day Rose Cohen went into his shop to have the ripped seam in a shoe sewed while she waited. "Pop" Schoenburg took the shoe and, muttering in German, carried it over to a bench he never used. Then he resumed the task he had been working on when Rose came in, pausing at intervals to look over his shoulder toward the bench and throw out some remark as if he were instructing an invisible assistant. But, as the shoe continued to lie untouched upon the bench, Rose Cohen overcame her first alarm and demanded that, if he were going to repair the shoe, he do so at once. "Pop" Schoenburg rose and, spluttering threateningly in German, strode over to the bench. Then he stopped short and passed his hand confusedly

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across his eyes. Without a word of explanation he took up the shoe and repaired it himself.

Rose narrated the incident afterward with half-frightened, neurotic giggles that showed how much the cobbler's strange conduct had upset her; and the whole alley began to buzz with discussion of the old shoemaker. There was even some talk of having him sent to an asylum.

"'Pop' Schoenburg's gettin' crazier every day." In varying accents the word spread from door to door and from window to window in the court. "He's took to stringin' glass beads onto wires!"

It was true. The owners of a whole score of little noses, smudged from pressing against the cobbler's window, bore testimony to the accusation. "Pop" Schoenburg was stringing glass beads onto wires. Moreover the beads were of different colors: some blue, some red, some plain clear glass.

He spent hours at this foolish task, neglecting his proper work; and as the days passed he began to assemble the wires on which the beads were strung and to bend them into patterns. But at times he would seem to forget all about his wires and glass beads. He would resume his shoe repairing and the muttered colloquy with his invisible companion.

One night Makar Seinkovitch went into the cobbler's shop to get a pair of shoes that had been promised for that evening. "Pop" Schoenburg was working abstractedly with his beads. He did a strange thing: instead of rising, he turned in his chair and called toward the back part of the house, "Heinrich! Heinrich!" and there followed something in German which Mr. Seinkovitch could not understand. Then the old cobbler resumed his work with the beads and paid no more attention to his customer until the latter, grown impatient, asked again for the shoes that had been promised.

"Pop" Schoenburg rose and stumped impatiently over to the bench he never used himself. From it he picked up Makar Seinkovitch's shoes, and burst into an indignant flow of German in which the name "Heinrich" was several times repeated. He brought the shoes over to his customer, protesting:

"Dey are not done. I told him dey must for dis night be done—" Then, just as Rose Cohen had reported, he passed his hand confusedly across his eyes. "Dot's so," he muttered. "He is not here!" Wearily he shook his head. "All de time now it seems to me like he is here.... Vell, I do your shoes tonight and you can in de morning get dem before you go to work."

Certainly the old man's mind was wandering, for he had lived alone ever since anyone could remember and no one in the court had ever heard of "Heinrich". But the queerest thing of all was the cobbler's devotion to his self-appointed task of stringing glass beads onto wires. It was in the early spring that he began this task, and all during the month of April he worked intently at it, unless, as was rarely the case, he had many shoes to repair. The wires, once strung with beads, were woven into patterns, and piece by piece the patterns were assembled until they began to take the form of some great floral design. April passed and still the work was not completed. During the first weeks of May it took a new turn, for "Pop" Schoenburg was reported to be making letters and words with the bead-strung wires; and neither the letters nor the words were English—they were German!

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The suspicions of Acanthus Alley sprang up afresh on learning this; and everyone recalled the odium under which the cobbler had existed throughout the war. Tim O'Malley, long since returned from Hog Island, appointed himself a committee of one to investigate "Pop" Schoenburg's allegiance to America. But when he went to the shop he found its door locked. From the other side of his plate glass window the little shoemaker irately shouted something about having no time then to be repairing shoes. "Next month!" he cried, and turned back impatiently to his beads. Tim O'Malley turned slowly away, feeling somehow that it would be rather foolish to force an entrance to the old man's shop. But that day there began to smolder in Acanthus Alley a virtuous resentment of the German cobbler—a resentment that was only waiting for a favorable opportunity to blaze up into a consuming flame of hatred.

On a Monday near the end of May there came a national holiday. For once, on Monday morning, Acanthus Alley was not bedecked with the flapping undergarments of the O'Malleys and the Seinkovitches, the Cohens and the Bertolottis; but, instead, the little community's great American flag was got out and displayed proudly from the Bertolotti-Seinkovitch clothesline. In the court below the residents of the alley congregated. The men, in shirt sleeves and carpet slippers, sat smoking on their doorsteps; the women gossiped about the hydrant; the children, self-conscious in their Sunday best, played desultorily until it should be time to go to the parade. Tim O'Malley rolled a cigarette while he waited for Rose Cohen with whom he was going off to spend the day.

Suddenly from the direction of Union Square there came a distant strain of military music. The children scurried off and a hush fell over the courtyard while those who had remained listened to distinguish the rhythm of the approaching band.

At that moment the door of "Pop" Schoenburg's shop opened and the little cobbler came gravely out into the court. He carried an enormous irregular bundle wrapped awkwardly in tissue paper; and he was dressed as no one had ever seen him dressed before. A dark new suit replaced the apron of grimy mattress ticking which he always wore at work; and between the lapels of his coat there showed a yellow satin waistcoat of ancient foreign cut. He looked vaguely at the flag and his weak eyes blinked painfully in the glare of morning sunlight.

Tim O'Malley turned sharply on the little man.

"Where do you think you're goin'?" he bullied.

Without appearing to hear, "Pop" Schoenburg set down his bundle and drew out a key to lock his door. Tim scowled. The music of the band was louder now. To Acanthus Alley it became a sort of patriotic overtone intensifying the old antipathy against "Pop" Schoenburg. Men rose from their doorsteps and came threateningly forward. The women about the hydrant changed their positions so that they could watch, and windows in the court were thrown up suddenly. Tim O'Malley, feeling so many eyes upon him, began to bristle with importance. Was he not hero of the alley?

"If you knew what was good for you, you'd crawl into that shop of yours and curl up like a rat in its hole!" Tim spat the words out loudly, secretly hoping they would carry through the open window of the

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Cohen's flat above him. "This ain't the day for a Heinie like you to be on the streets!"

"Pop" Schoenburg blinked ununderstandingly, and for an instant Tim was disconcerted. Then the anger of inarticulousness enraged the bully. "You didn't go to the Vict'ry parade after the war, did you?" he blurted. "And you didn't buy no Liberty Bonds. Well, you needn't think you can go struttin' around now as if you was an American. Get back into your hole, you—"

"Pop" Schoenburg's face was white. He looked anxiously toward the street. "I had no money to buy Liberty Bonds," he muttered, clutching at his bundle.

"You didn't, eh?" There was a note of savagery in Tim's voice now. "But you've got money enough to get all dolled up, haven't you?"

Murmurs of encouragement came from the spectators.

"What's that you've got there?" demanded Tim, tentatively tearing at the tissue paper about the old man's bundle.

"Pop" Schoenburg drew back suddenly and clutched his bundle in both arms. But the tear in the paper had been large enough to reveal it as the bead-work design on which he had been working for so long.

"What is it, I say?" Tim gave a quick swipe at the parcel and tore away the lower half of the wrapping. "What's that printing?... *By God, it's German!*"

The music was loud in the street without and there came the rhythmic tread of soldiers marching. A sudden rage swept over Tim O'Malley. He seized the cobbler by the shoulders and shook him while voices in the group about exclaimed approvingly.

"Give it to him, Tim!... As if English wasn't good enough for that old coot!... He ought to be arrested.... Give him a good one, Tim: that'll teach him to go carrying his German junk around on Decoration Day!... *Ahhh!*"

The last exclamation came in one spontaneous breath from the whole group as a fist shot out and "Pop" Schoenburg, blood welling from his lips, collapsed like a sack of meal upon the cement court.

"What's all this?" The broad, blue-clad shoulders of a policeman shoved their way authoritatively through the crowd and his hand fell heavily upon Tim O'Malley's arm. "You do that?" he demanded with a glance at the fallen man.

"Let him alone.... He's all right.... That guy he knocked out is a stinkin' German!" came the responses from the crowd.

"That's what he is," confirmed Tim. "Look at that thing of his there with the German writin' on it." He smirked complacently. "I'm a service man, I am."

The officer let go his grip and, seizing "Pop" Schoenburg by the shoulder, yanked him to his feet.

"Are you a German?"

"He's German, all right," insisted Tim. "Just look at this thing with the German writin' on it." He reached out for the design which someone handed him and stripped the paper completely from it.

It was a great memorial cross with artificial floral wreaths—a thing in barbarous taste, but made with infinite pains. In letters worked in beads was the name "Heinrich Schoenburg" and below were several lines in German.

"What in hell's all this?" demanded Tim, somewhat taken aback.

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"Well, what is it?" The officer gave a savage wrench to the old man's shoulder. "What's all that writin' about?"

Tears sprang into "Pop" Schoenburg's eyes and blood trickled down his chin. "Give it to me!" he wailed impotently. "Dot is for my son—my son what used to work mit me!" He pointed defensively to the battered sign above his door. "Tree years ago in France he died. Last year dey brought him back. Today to de cemetery I go to put dis on his grave...."

"What's all that German for?"

"Dot is German because I do not know how in English to print it. But it was one of your presidents what said it. Heinrich, he copied it out for me in German before he went. 'Dot's how I go in de American army,' he told me. In English it means"—the old man struggled with the unfamiliar vocabulary and his words came with slow emphasis—"it means—'mit spite against no one, mit charity for everybody, mit firmness in de right as God makes us see it' ".

Trembling, "Pop" Schoenburg drew his memorial design from Tim's passive hands and gathered up the tissue paper.

It was so still in the court that even the squeak of the little man's new shoes could be heard as he stumped away under the American flag and toward the street. A faint strain of the military music, that had passed out of hearing a few minutes before, became suddenly audible again.

REMINDERS

By George O'Neil

REMEMBER this, that I have seen
May give her carnival of green,
And watched noon sunlight bless the bough
As pious poplars took the vow.
Remember I have caught the song
Of whitethroats and the robin throng,
That I have leaned to touch the ground
Laden with light and scent and sound;
How I have cherished quiet shade
Calm elms and kindly beeches made.
Think of these things some radiant day
When gold brims from the heart of May;
Think of all these and let them be
The tranquil requiem for me.

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WILLA SIBERT CATHER

By Latrobe Carroll

ON the Nebraska prairie some years ago, a little girl rode about on her pony, among settlements of Scandinavians and Bohemians, listening to their conversation, fascinated by their personalities. She was Willa Sibert Cather, who, as a woman, was to give in her novels the story of their struggle with the soil. Ever since those early years, she has been studying people, until she is today one of that small group of American writers who tell of life with beauty and entire earnestness. She has won the praise of those critics whose standards are highest, whose condemnation of insincerity and distortion is severest. Listen to Randolph Bourne: "She has outgrown provincialism and can now be reckoned among those who are richly interpreting youth all over the world." And to H. L. Mencken: "There is no other American author of her sex, now in view, whose future promises so much."

Miss Cather's reputation is of recent growth. Though her first novel, "Alexander's Bridge", was published in 1912, she remained comparatively unknown until about five years ago. Then critics realized that every successive book of hers had shown an advance, and began to look forward with interest to her future work. She is, however, still unknown to large sections of the American reading public.

Not long ago, she sat in her New York apartment in Greenwich Village, and talked to me about her books. She seems just the one to have written them. She is sincere, vigorous, self-controlled. There is no flippancy about her. She has not made herself the heroine of any of her novels, but she is akin to her own heroines. In "The Song of the Lark", one of the characters remarks that Thea Kronborg, the central figure, "doesn't sigh every time the wind blows". Miss Cather herself is that sort. She has a mental sturdiness.

She spoke of the beginnings of her impulse to write.

"When I was about nine," she said, "father took me from our place near Winchester, Virginia, to a ranch in Nebraska. Few of our neighbors were Americans—most of them were Danes, Swedes, Norwegians, and Bohemians. I grew fond of some of these immigrants—particularly the old women, who used to tell me of their home country. I used to think them underrated, and wanted to explain them to their neighbors. Their stories used to go round and round in my head at night. This was, with me, the initial impulse. I didn't know any writing people. I had an enthusiasm for a kind of country and a kind of people, rather than ambition.

"I've always had a habit of remembering mannerisms, turns of speech," she explained. "The phraseology of those people stuck in my mind. If I had made notes, or should make them now, the material collected would be dead. No, it's memory—the memory that goes with the vocation. When I sit down to write, turns of phrase I've

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Sketched by Leo Mielziner

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forgotten for years come back like white ink before fire. I think that most of the basic material a writer works with is acquired before the age of fifteen. That's the important period: when one's not writing. Those years determine whether one's work will be poor and thin or rich and fine."

After a high school preparation, Miss Cather entered the University of Nebraska. She said, of this time:

"Back in the files of the college magazine, there were once several of my perfectly honest but very clumsy attempts to give the story of some of the Scandinavian and Bohemian settlers who lived not far from my father's farm. In these sketches, I simply tried to tell about the people, without much regard for style. These early stories were bald, clumsy, and emotional. As I got toward my senior year, I began to admire, for the first time, writing for writing's sake. In those days, no one seemed so wonderful as Henry James; for me, he was the perfect writer."

When Willa Cather graduated at nineteen, her instructors and friends expected her to become a "writer" in a few months, and achieve popular success. But they were disappointed. For almost nine years she wrote little besides a volume of verse, the experimental "April Twilights", and a dozen stories for magazines. Most of these stories she now dismisses as "affected" and "bad".

"It wasn't that I didn't want to write," she said of this period. "But I was too interested in trying to find out something about the world and about people. I worked on the Pittsburg 'Leader', taught English in the Allegheny High School, went abroad for long periods, and traveled in the west. I couldn't have got as much out of those nine years if I'd been writing."

In 1905 there was published a collection of her stories, "The Troll Garden". Largely by reason of these, she was offered a position on "McClure's Magazine", of which she was managing editor from 1908 until 1912.

"I took a salaried position," she said, "because I didn't want to write directly to sell. I didn't want to compromise. Not that the magazine demands were wrong. But they were definite. I had a delightful sense of freedom when I'd saved up enough to take a house in Cherry Valley, New York, and could begin work on my first novel, 'Alexander's Bridge'.

"In 'Alexander's Bridge' I was still more preoccupied with trying to write well than with anything else. It takes a great deal of experience to become natural. People grow in honesty as they grow in anything else. A painter or writer must learn to distinguish what is his *own* from that which he admires. I never abandoned trying to make a compromise between the kind of matter that my experience had given me and the manner of writing which I admired, until I began my second novel, 'O Pioneers!' And from the first chapter, I decided not to 'write' at all—simply to give myself up to the pleasure of recapturing in memory people and places I had believed forgotten. This was what my friend Sarah Orne Jewett had advised me to do. She said to me that if my life had lain in a part of the world that was without a literature, and I couldn't tell about it truthfully in the form I most admired, I'd have to make a kind of writing that would tell it, no matter what I lost in the process."

"O Pioneers!" placed Miss Cather definitely among the writers who count. It is an epic of the early strug-

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gles of Swedish and Bohemian settlers in Nebraska—a book of beauty and power. In taking for a title the name of one of Walt Whitman's poems, the author drew attention to his influence upon the mood of her narrative.

In "The Song of the Lark", Willa Cather chose a less impressionistic method. It is longer than "O Pioneers!", less concentrated, resembling more closely the conventional psychological novel. It is the story of Thea Kronborg, a Swedish-American singer, who wrenches herself away from an environment antagonistic to art, and becomes an opera "star". Critics took widely divergent attitudes toward the book. To many, it has not the same *aliveness* as "O Pioneers!" Randolph Bourne found it a digression into a field for which Miss Cather was not really fitted, either by her style, or her enthusiasm. But Edward Everett Hale discovered in it "a sense of something less common than life: namely, art as it exists in life—a very curious and elusive thing, but so beautiful, when one gets it, that one forgets all else."

Miss Cather's most recent novel, "My Antonia", is a fuller evocation of the "old, old west" than was "O Pioneers!" The descriptions of the western prairie, brief, poignant, lift us from our easy chairs and set us down on those high plains. The book is ruthless, poetical, tremendously alive. It is the finest thing Miss Cather has written. H. L. Mencken laid it down with the conviction that it is the best piece of fiction done by any woman in America. The portrayal of Antonia is masterly.

"She was a Bohemian girl," Miss Cather said, "who was good to me when I was a child. I saw a great deal of her from the time I was eight until I was twelve. She was big-hearted and essentially romantic."

Willa Cather's foreigners are true to type. August Brunius, after noting that the Swede, as presented by writers outside his own country, usually seems absurd to a Swedish reader, goes on to say that in "O Pioneers!" and "The Song of the Lark", Swedes are presented with true insight and art. Small wonder that all Miss Cather's books have been translated into the Scandinavian and are to be translated into French.

Her latest volume, "Youth and the Bright Medusa", is a collection of eight short stories. Simply and vividly told, they are studies of the artistic temperament. In them, there is none of the usual sentimentalizing about the artist. They are widely recognized as work of distinction. An anonymous critic in "The Nation" slyly remarks that the collection "represents the triumph of mind over Nebraska".

Willa Cather's best work is satisfying because it is sincere. In her books, there is none of the sweet reek that pervades the pages of so many "lady novelists". Love, to her, is "not a simple state, like measles". Her treatment of sex is without either squeamishness or sensuality. She loves the west, and the arts, particularly music, and she has sought to express feelings and convictions on these subjects. She tried, failed, and kept on trying until she succeeded. For example, we have her word for it that at college she attempted to tell about immigrants in rough sketches. She drew them more skilfully in "The Bohemian Girl", a short story which appeared in "McClure's Magazine" in 1912. Then came "O Pioneers!", a work of art. In "My Antonia", she reached what she had been advancing toward for many years. Similarly in

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her exploration of the minds and emotions of artists, she has striven to tell the truth—the truth stripped of sentimentality. She experimented in "The Troll Garden", succeeded partially in "Youth and the Bright Medusa", grasped fully what she had sought in "The Song of the Lark". It would, of course, be unfair to speak of the books and stories that led up to this novel and to "My Antonia" as preliminary studies, for there is too much in them not touched upon in the two later novels. But there is a certain summing up, in these books, of two subjects which have interested Miss Cather profoundly: the life of foreigners in the west, and the mind and heart of the artist. Of the books, the author herself said: "I think 'My Antonia' is the most successfully done. 'The Song of the Lark' was the most interesting to write."

"I work from two and a half to three hours a day," Miss Cather went on to say. "I don't hold myself to longer hours; if I did, I wouldn't gain by it. The only reason I write is because it interests me more than any other activity I've ever found. I like riding, going to operas and concerts, travel in the west; but on the whole writing interests me more than anything else. If I made a chore of it, my enthusiasm would die. I make it an adventure every day. I get more entertainment from it than any I could buy, except the privilege of hearing a few great musicians and singers. To listen to them interests me as much as a good morning's work.

"For me, the morning is the best time to write. During the other hours of the day I attend to my housekeeping, take walks in Central Park, go to concerts, and see something of my friends. I try to keep myself fit, fresh: one has to be in as good form to write as to sing. When not working, I shut work from my mind."

At present, Miss Cather is writing a new novel—she says of it:

"What I always want to do is to make the 'writing' count for less and less and the people for more. In this new novel I'm trying to cut out all analysis, observation, description, even the picture-making quality, in order to make things and people tell their own story simply by juxtaposition, without any persuasion or explanation on my part.

"Just as if I put here on the table a green vase, and beside it a yellow orange. Now, those two things affect each other. Side by side, they produce a reaction which neither of them will produce alone. Why should I try to say anything clever, or by any colorful rhetoric detract attention from those two objects, the relation they have to each other and the effect they have upon each other? I want the reader to see the orange and the vase—beyond that, I am out of it. Mere cleverness must go. I'd like the writing to be so lost in the object, that it doesn't exist for the reader—except for the reader who knows how difficult it is to lose writing in the object. One must choose one's audience, and the audience I try to write for is the one interested in the effect the green vase brings out in the orange, and the orange in the green vase."

Miss Cather has never sought publicity, or quick success. It took her three years to write "The Song of the Lark", and three to write "My Antonia". Of the two paths of art—give the public what it wants, or make your work so fine that the public will want it—she has consistently chosen the path of fine work. She is moving unhurriedly toward a richer self-expression.

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THE AUTHOR AND THE MOTION PICTURE

By Benjamin B. Hampton

HISTORY is made rapidly in the world of movies. Conditions, thoughts, methods of two years ago are out of date today. The kings and queens of movie-land hold their thrones for a very brief space and pass on and are forgotten.

Two years ago the fiction author was recognized—barely recognized, one might say—by the movie magnate as the latter's limousine passed the former's flivver. A year ago the movie magnate was speeding the limousine to overtake the flivver. This year the pace has quieted down; the literary agent disposing of picture rights of novels is dealing with a buyer's market instead of a seller's.

What is the real attitude of the picture producer and the author toward each other? As a class the author is hostile toward the movie magnate. He accepts the movie magnate's money, but he curses deeply when necessity compels him to feed one of his brain children to the monster. He charges the movie magnate with lack of artistic taste and alleges an absence of professional ethics or even common editorial decencies in the studios.

These well-defined symptoms set forth rather definitely the author's attitude toward movie-land. What is the studio point of view toward the author? Unless he is already familiar with studio operation, the author will be interested in knowing that his book has to please not one man, nor one editorial group. In some organizations the story must satisfy the producer, or his eastern advisers, before it is sent to the Los Angeles studio. When it reaches Los Angeles it runs the gauntlet of studio manager, editorial advisers, and scenario department. Then come the star and the star's friends. Then the director. Other members of the technical staff—the camera man, the location man, the assistant director—any or all of these may have opinions, and if these opinions please the star or the director, "improvements" in the author's plot or characteristics may result. As a matter of serious fact, one producer has a habit of calling in the studio's chauffeurs, head carpenters, and other dramaturgists to pass on a partially cut film. He feels that this audience furnishes him with excellent suggestions.

Very few producers study carefully the literary material from which they propose to make pictures. The "producer" is the manufacturer of photoplays, and almost invariably his training has been in commercial lines that have had nothing to do with literature. These manufacturers buy the brains which deal with the problems of literature, art, and drama that confront the maker of screen plays.

True, there is coming into existence a species of producer that functions more along the lines of a magazine editor. This new type of producer works closely with his authors, scenario writers, painters, architects, decorators, directors, and players. His personality dominates every foot of his pic-

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tures. But this group is overwhelmingly in the minority. Of a thousand or more screen productions a year, perhaps three dozen come from this class of producer.

Frequently the author complains that the screen version of his novel bears little resemblance to the book version. For example, his leading character in the novel may be a middle-aged mother. In the photoplay the "lead" or the "star" may be a girl who functioned in the novel as a subsidiary character. Changes more radical than this are often made. If they are made skilfully, so that the original intent or spirit of the novel is not twisted nor distorted, the author is satisfied, but he is apt to be very unhappy when his screen play is not recognizable by his book readers. Then he says unpleasant things about the movie producer, the scenario writer, the star, the director, and everyone concerned in the process of translating his creation to the film.

In many cases the complaints of the author are justifiable. The movies have grown so rapidly that the demand for skilful photo-dramatists far exceeds the supply. Newspaper and magazine editors and book publishers can draw on a reservoir of several hundred—perhaps several thousand—men and women who understand the basic rules of writing for the printed page. Picture production is so new that not more than a few score writers can pass as skilful screen technicians. Nearly all of these prefer to sell their own stories to producers, for the simple reason that as a rule producers will pay them more money for an "original script" than they will pay them for adapting a novel.

The scarcity of photo-dramatists trained to the work of skilfully adapting the novel to the screen, is one of the author's reasons for discomfort. Another reason is that the "star system", which has until recently dominated the screen, demands that the play be "built up to the star". Under the star system a balanced story is of course impossible. Everything must be warped and twisted to conform to the personality or the limitations or the caprices of the star. Art enters not into the situation. The star knows that his or her day of fame is short, and hay must be gathered while the sun shines. No star will permit the hazard of accepting a story that involves the risk of another player's "stealing the picture".

To understand movie-land the author needs to know these conditions. They are the barbed-wire fences, the trenches and machine gun nests through which his novel must pass if it reaches the screen.

Perhaps the principal reason for artistic dissatisfaction on the author's part lies in the limitations placed on the photoplay by the exhibitor. The producer has not the power to modify these limitations. Let us study this situation for a moment.

The exhibition of pictures began in little theatres which were merely store rooms converted into movie houses by the process of installing a projection machine, a screen, chairs, and a ticket booth. These "theatres" ran continuous performances. A few years ago daring pioneers erected buildings for the sole purpose of showing movies, and in a little while these were followed by the modern picture palaces, with their enormous seating capacities, their expensive organs and symphony orchestras. Strange as it may seem, these beautiful, expensive, modern houses are operated under conventions created by the ancient "store shows" and

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"nickelodeons". The old-time movie theatre ran on a continuous basis and sacrificed everything to this element of "continuous". The beautifully furnished million dollar theatre of today is limited in its operation by this ancient convention. Five or six performances per day are given. In almost no theatres are seats reserved. In almost every theatre the antique practice of a "varied bill", as distinguished from a complete unit of entertainment, is the rule.

Almost universally theatre performances are limited to two hours. The first show is given at one o'clock; another at three o'clock, this being the "matinee"; another at five o'clock, this being the "supper show" of the vaudeville stage; another at seven o'clock, for the folks who have the evening meal at an early hour and want to be abed early; and another at nine o'clock. An examination of these exhibition periods will reveal many of the underlying differences in audience appeal between the speaking stage and the shadow stage. The afternoon shows are to draw children, young folks in school, and their parents. The seven o'clock performance —and this is usually the most heavily attended—gets its patronage from those whose work demands early rising. It is fair to infer that the speaking stage has never drawn heavily on any of these groups. In the nine o'clock show the picture theatre comes into competition somewhat with the spoken theatre.

These divisions of time—one o'clock, three o'clock, five o'clock, seven o'clock, and nine o'clock—do not represent "curtain time" on the spoken stage. At "curtain time" practically the entire audience is assembled to hear a spoken play. In picture theatres coming and going is constant. Part of the audience is present at the opening of the play; others wander in when the second or fourth reel is running. Perhaps they get the drift of the story; perhaps not. The wonder and marvel is that any form of entertainment can exist under such a system. If proof of the popularity and power of the movies is needed, I submit that abundant proof is found in the fact that the movies continue to fascinate—and to educate—vast audiences under such conditions.

To meet these conditions—that is, to furnish the audience with a "continuous" show, as in the old nickelodeon days—the exhibitor divides his two hour program arbitrarily and "speeds up" projection in order to cram the two hours with as many items as possible. He feels that he must present a news reel, a comedy, and some musical or vaudeville items in addition to the feature picture. A reel of film can be projected in twelve minutes to fifteen minutes. Perhaps at the rate of fourteen minutes normal action is presented on the screen. Perhaps the rate of fifteen minutes would be more nearly faithful. At a thirteen-minute rate hands and feet move too rapidly, and at the twelve-minute rate they become blurred or at least indistinct. Thus the producer is limited to five or six reels. That is, the "feature picture" is arbitrarily limited to about an hour and fifteen minutes of the two hours. If the picture's length exceeds the allotted time, the exhibitor's projection room man "edits" it to fit his needs, or "speeds up" projection. In the one event the author will see on the screen a picture that does not represent the producer's point of view; in the other event the author will see his heroine galloping through her sob scenes.

The net result of this system of ex-

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hibiting pictures is to cause the producer to cut down his play to six reels. Perhaps the story could be told fully and faithfully—with more beauty, more heart interest, more comedy—in seven reels or eight reels. Perhaps in the eight reel form it would present a complete entertainment, making the use of other films (such as comedy, etc.) unnecessary. Perhaps at eight reels the author and the producer would be better satisfied—and perhaps the audience would be more highly entertained. All these conjectures will have to remain in the land of maybe until the motion picture theatre frees itself of conventions.

Confusion and misunderstanding between author and movie producer have been created by weird stories of sums paid for picture rights to various novels and plays. Almost invariably the press agent establishes the figures in the announcements, and the tenderness of press agency imagination is sparse. As I write these lines I have before me a two column newspaper article fairly bristling with figures, prices alleged to have been paid or "offered" by producers for picture rights to plays or novels. "Offers" may be made, but prices actually paid often bear slight resemblance to offers. Once in a while a big price is paid for the picture rights to a play or a novel. By "big price" I mean $25,000 to $50,000. Once in a while. As a rule the most successful sales are nearer $2,500 to $5,000. I refer now to outright sales.

A few authors have royalty arrangements with producers. The royalty system is the rule in book publishing and in spoken stage production. In the screen world the royalty system is finding its way into existence slowly. During the last two years the "all star" picture has been growing in popularity, and as this type of production progresses the tendency is to "feature" or to "star" the name of the author. As this system grows stronger, I believe that the tendency will be to pay the author on a royalty basis.

A few years ago Zane Grey made an outright sale of the picture rights of six of his novels. Two years ago he contracted with a producer on a royalty basis for the remainder of his works. This producer attempted to repurchase the novels which Mr. Grey had sold. He succeeded in getting only one of them. That one was made into a picture and in the first year of its release earned for Mr. Grey more money than he had received from the outright sale of the six. Likely that particular picture eventually will pay the author four or five times the sum he received for the entire six.

Another author wrote a successful novel, and made an outright sale of dramatic rights to a spoken stage producer, who made a moderately successful play of it. A year or two later an actor conceived the idea that the story would work into a great photoplay. He convinced a screen producer; the rights were purchased; the picture was made—and it is said to have earned two million dollars gross. The author, having made an outright sale, received no part of this great sum. Had he made a royalty arrangement giving him five per cent of the net profits, he would have received probably fifty thousand dollars.

Another angle of this author's situation is that he received very little fame. I saw the picture at its opening in a large city, and the name of the author did not appear on the screen. The authorship was credited to the stage producer. I am told, however, that in some of the advertising ma-

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terial put out by the distributor the name of the author was mentioned.

Authors in all lands owe a debt of gratitude to Rex Beach. He has done more than any other one man to create conditions under which novelists can work with producers. Mr. Beach's novel "The Spoilers" was the first American "big picture", or "special". "The Spoilers" was produced as a ten reel picture in the period of three reel and five reel plays. *Tremendous* is an adjective that may be applied justly to its success. It has earned millions of dollars at the box office and is doing business regularly yet.

Unfortunately, Mr. Beach was not only a pioneer author in the picture field, but he had to be a pioneer business man also. Contracts between authors and picture producers were new in those days, and the enormous success of "The Spoilers" did not bring correspondingly great profits to the author. Mr. Beach's experience in pioneering was such that a few years later he joined with the writer of these lines in creating the first company ever organized to make photo-dramas from the works of a novelist and to "star" the novelist instead of a player. The first production made by this company was "The Barrier". It has proved a very successful picture.

Mr. Beach and his associates learned many interesting things about American audiences in the years that followed this first experience. Perhaps one item that will interest BOOKMAN readers is that the fame of a novelist reaches only a short distance into the social and intellectual scale. The appeal of motion pictures is to all classes, from the lowest stratum of society to the highest. Somewhere around the upper middle and higher strata are found the book readers, but below them there is an enormous audience with little or no knowledge of famous authors.

An illustration of the limitations of fame came to me in one of our largest American cities in which the average of intelligence is high, when one of Mr. Beach's plays was being presented at a prominent picture theatre. The play in question was either the fourth or fifth long play made from this author's novels. Several shorter plays had been made from short stories and in each of the plays, long or short, Mr. Beach's name had been featured or starred. So it was fair to assume that he was rather well known. At least the theatre owner believed that his reputation was an asset to the house, and so he put the name "Rex Beach" and the name of the play in electric lights in the front of the theatre, in the position never before occupied by any names except those of the star actor and the play. I was standing in the lobby with the theatre owner after the play had been running several days, when a group of intelligent looking people coming out of the theatre stopped before the doorman and a woman said: "Why do you advertise a star named Rex Beach and when we get inside we find there isn't anybody named Rex Beach in the picture?"

"Why, madam, Rex Beach is the author," replied the doorman. "He is a famous novelist and this picture is made from his novel."

"Oh," said the inquirer. "I never heard of him before."

The incident of course interested me and I made inquiry not only at this theatre but at other theatres where Mr. Beach's name was appearing in electric lights, and learned it was a nightly occurrence for apparently well educated folks to make inquiry as to why Mr. Beach was advertised as star when he did not appear in the picture.

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This was several years ago. Since then Mr. Beach has been so thoroughly advertised in "star" fashion that definite screen value has been created for his name. Today he is one of the greatest "stars" in movie-land, and his prestige is steadily increasing.

II

One of the favorite indoor sports of the motion picture press agent is to assert in colorful exclamations that the day has arrived, or has nearly arrived, when great authors will "write direct for the screen".

The arts of writing for the speaking stage, for book publication, and for the screen are fundamentally different. Each is "writing"—and there similarity ceases. The able novelist or dramatist can learn to write for the screen, but why should he? The only possible reasons are that by so doing he can have more fun or make more money.

Certainly the author or the dramatist in search of fun with hard work can find plenty of it in shaping up a set of rules for photo-drama. His literary skill and dramatic craftsmanship will be of great use if he will recognize at the start that he is playing a new game. But let him not be too certain that in learning the new craft he will not sacrifice skill at the old. The photoplay has a most amazing method of training the writing mind in highly specialized ways—ways that are good for picture making but not always so good for novel writing or play building. One of America's leading novelists said to me: "I'm through with scenario work. I've been at it for a year now and it will take me another year to get my hand back to novel writing."

In considering the financial side of "writing direct for the screen", the successful novelist or dramatist first faces the interesting fact that his writing labors can be turned into more dollars by following the old method of publication or stage presentation prior to photo-dramatization. The ordinary practice of marketing a novel consists of these steps: first, serialization in a monthly or a weekly periodical, at home and abroad; second, publication in book form at home and abroad; third, newspaper serialization; fourth, publication in reprints at home and abroad. If the novel is dramatized for the speaking stage the author receives revenue from five separate sources prior to the appearance of his writing on the screen.

Here enters an important factor: any or all of these uses of the author's work adds to its commercial value as film material. Serialization in magazines and newspapers, book publication, and presentation on the spoken stage give publicity to the novel; audiences are created, so that the material has more value to the film producer after it has gone through these forms of money making.

Authors occasionally ask me why the dramatist can sell his photo rights for sums larger than novelists receive for their screen rights. My answer is that picture producers are more familiar with stage productions than with books. Producers go to the theatre and see plays; they witness the reactions of audiences; they are able to visualize the possible appearance of the play when transferred to the screen. A few producers read novels, but as a class their reading is not more extensive than the reading of any other group of business men. Consequently it is difficult for them to imagine the novel made into a suc-

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cessful photoplay; they cannot so readily picture audience reaction.

Forty-nine, or four hundred and ninety-nine separate, distinct, enthusiastic, and splendid reasons will be given by my movie friends to prove that this statement is narrow, prejudiced, biased, and so forth—but that's my answer and I'll have to stick to it. My own experience is fairly convincing evidence that as a general rule the novel supplies better screen material than is furnished by the stage play. Certainly there are exceptions, notable exceptions; but I am confident that one hundred best selling novels will make better pictures than one hundred most successful plays of a comparable period. The reason is simple. Photoplay making is more closely related to novel building than to play building. The novelist's sense of characters, his description of locations and sets, his feel for movement—all these elements, and others, supply the photo-dramatist with the materials needed for a closely-knit, convincing screen play.

The stage dramatist's art is limited by the brief period in which he may present his thoughts to his audience. Two and a half hours is a very short time in which to work out plot, characterization, heart throbs, comedy. Whenever I see a good play I feel like giving three rousing cheers for the craftsman who put over his idea under such definite limitations. But no matter how great our admiration for the playwright, we are compelled to admit that when his material is offered for the screen, the photo-dramatist must add to it vastly or a thin picture is the result.

An illustration of this may be found in one of last year's highly successful pictures, "Male and Female", Cecil De Mille's production founded on Sir James M. Barrie's "The Admirable Crichton". Literary folks scream with pain at the producer's "improvements" on a Barrie masterpiece, but Mr. De Mille proved himself a good craftsman and a good showman by handling the Barrie material as he did. I think I am safe in the statement that every successful photoplay made from a stage play bears evidence of skilful rebuilding after it reached the studio.

Undoubtedly stories will be written direct for the screen, but I can see no reason why a successful novelist should undertake to do this work. My own opinion—and I offer it merely as an individual opinion—is that the screen offers a promising field for the newspaper reporter and the editorial writer, provided the latter has had reportorial experience before he became an editor. Perhaps I ought to qualify this by saying that the telephone reporter of great metropolitan dailies is not the man I have in mind. I mean the reporter who hustles around among all classes of folks and sees life at first hand. If he has the journalistic instinct he is gathering impressions of character, putting away pieces of incidents, and other material that ought to be of constant value to him in writing screen plays.

III

The movies are unquestionably moving upward. Three years ago trashy, hack-written plays were the rule. Today they are the exception. The public shows signs of discrimination. Better writing, better acting, better direction, better sets and properties, better titles—improvement in every department of production has been so notable in two years that one may predict with safety that the next two years will see the photoplay far along on its journey toward artistic perfection.

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Authors have aided wonderfully in this upward movement. Rex Beach, the pioneer, has exercised an immeasurable influence. Such well-known American writers as Stewart Edward White, Zane Grey, Rupert Hughes, Mary Roberts Rinehart, Basil King, Governeur Morris, Emerson Hough, and Harry Leon Wilson, are aiding in establishing higher standards in picture production, Bayard Veiller, Thompson Buchanan, and other dramatists are working effectively in creating technique for a new art.

Progress is fortunate not only for the vast public that is affected incalculably by the movies, but fortunate for the authors themselves. The author's field of influence is widened; he reaches not only a magazine, newspaper, and book audience—he goes further than that and appeals to millions who read only occasionally. On the commercial side he has already benefited by the movement toward better pictures, and if he handles his business affairs properly I believe that his financial rewards will be more definite and more certain in the future than in the past.

In my judgment the greatest barrier between the novelist and a "golden age" in pictures is the method under which pictures are exhibited. So long as every producer must work with an eye on the big theatres with their continuous programs, the art is restrained. To make this point clear, let me suggest that you try to imagine a New York Hippodrome audience of five thousand people enjoying a spoken play by Ibsen, Shaw, or Maeterlinck. The experience of stage producers has demonstrated conclusively that a small theatre is necessary to the success of certain forms of drama. Great audiences are held only by spectacular performances such as the English melodramas of "The Whip" type and the American "Ben Hur".

The motion picture palaces of our large cities seat from two thousand to five thousand people at each performance—and give five performances a day, seven days in the week. Give consideration for a moment to the staggering meaning of these figures, and you will see the problem facing the novelist whose stories are to be translated to the screen.

Maeterlinck's "The Blue Bird" was successful as a stage play—because it could pick and choose its little audience of a few thousands per week. The same play, exquisitely produced as a motion picture, was a failure, because it had no opportunity of selecting its audience. As a picture it faced a ready-made audience of a score or two scores of thousands per week, the vast majority of whom were unprepared intellectually for anything approaching Maeterlinck.

Ibsen's dramas are splendid screen material—only in the sense that his craftsmanship is such that his plays would work into extremely fine camera scripts. "A Doll's House" was produced by an efficient director with an excellent cast headed by an artist of renown. This was the first and last Ibsen experiment by that producer. I hope he got his money back, but I doubt it. I saw the picture in a two thousand seat house, with most of the seats empty, and studied the reactions of the audience. The women around me admired the star, and discussed her gowns—and wondered what the play was about! A few months later this star appeared in a melodramatic picture carrying an earnest throb of sex appeal, and this play was a success.

Photoplays should be presented un-

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der methods similar to the exhibition of spoken plays. That is to say, the play of wide appeal should be shown in the large theatres, but small theatres should be available for productions of other types.

The small theatres should operate on the basis of long runs at prices high enough to justify their existence as business enterprises. If the two thousand seat theatre, with five shows a day and no reserved seats, charges twenty-five, thirty-five, and fifty cents for seats, and runs a picture for one week, the small theatre should charge say thirty-five, fifty, and seventy-five cents, with reserved seats at one dollar and a dollar and a half, and should limit the performances to two or three a day. And the small theatre should exhibit one photoplay for a week, or a month, or a year—it should continue the run of that photoplay for as long a period as is justified by box office receipts.

When this day arrives—and it will not be long in coming—the novelist will then have his opportunity. Picture producers will be able to use a greater variety of material, which will be of direct benefit to authors; longer plays will be possible, resulting in better presentation of the author's material; broader royalty contracts will be possible, because much of the speculation that now exists in producing will be eliminated by increasing the number of theatres, and by doing away with the ever-present danger of failing to make a play sufficiently sensational to hold the attention of an enormous mixed audience. Longer runs in small theatres will insure to the producer steadier profits, and the author will have no trouble in sharing in these profits.

IN AN OLD STREET

By David Morton

THE twilight gathers here like brooding thought,
Haunting each shadowed dooryard and its door,
With gone, forgotten beauty that was wrought
Of hands and hearts that come this way no more.
Here an intenser quiet stills the air
With old remembering of what is not:
Of silver slippers gone from every stair,
And silver laughter long and long forgot.

Deeper and deeper where this dusk is drifted,
Gathers a sense of waiting through the night,
About old doors whose latch is never lifted,
And dusty windows vacant of a light....
Deeper and deeper, till the grey turns blue,
And one by one the patient stars peer through.

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BENAVENTE'S MADRID

By John Dos Passos

ALL the gravel paths of the Plaza Santa Ana were encumbered with wicker chairs. At one corner seven blind musicians all in a row, with violins, a cello, guitars, and a mournful cornet, toodled and wheezed and twiddled through the "Blue Danube". At another a crumpled old man with a monkey dressed in red silk drawers on his shoulder ground out "La Paloma" from a hurdy-gurdy. In the middle of the green plot a fountain sparkled in the yellow light that streamed horizontally from cafés fuming with tobacco smoke on two sides of the square and ragged gutter-snipes dipped their legs in the slimy basin round about it, splashing one another, rolling like little colts in the grass. From the cafés and the wicker chairs and tables, clink of glasses and dominoes, patter of voices, scuttle of waiters with laden trays, shouts of men selling shrimps, prawns, fried potatoes, watermelons, nuts in little cornucopias of paper, red, green, yellow. Light gleamed on the buff-colored disk of a table in front of me, on the rims of two beermugs, in the eyes of a bearded man with an aquiline nose very slender at the bridge who leaned toward me talking in a deep, even voice, telling me in swift lisping Castilian stories of Madrid.

First the Madrid of Felipe Cuatro: *corridas* in the Plaza Mayor, *autos da fé;* pictures by Velasquez on view under the arcade where now there is a doughnut and coffee shop, pompous coaches painted vermilion or cobalt or gilded, stuffed with ladies in vast bulge of damask and brocade, plumed cavaliers, pert ogling pages, lurching and swaying through the foot-deep stinking mud of the streets; plays of Calderon and Lope presented in gardens tinkling with jewels and sword-chains where ladies of the court flirted behind ostrich fans with stiff lean-faced lovers. Then Goya's Madrid: riots in the Puerta del Sol, *majas* leaning from balconies, the fair of San Isidro by the river; scuttling of ragged guerrilla bands, brigands, and patriots; tramp of the stiff-necked grenadiers of Napoleon; pompous little men in short-tailed wigs dying the *dos de Mayo* with phrases from Mirabeau on their lips under the brick arch of the arsenal; frantic carnivals of the Burial of the Sardine, naked backs of flagellants dripping blood, lovers hiding under the hoopskirts of the queen. Then the romantic Madrid of the 'thirties, Larra, Becquer, Espronceda, Byronic gestures, vigils in graveyards, duels, struttings among the box-alleys of the Retiro, pale young men in white stocks shooting themselves in attics along the Calle Mayor.....

"And now"—the voice became suddenly gruff with anger—"look at Madrid. They have closed the Café Suizo, they are building a subway, the Castellana looks more like the Champs Elysées every day.... It's only on the stage that you get any remnant of the real Madrid. Benavente is the last *madrileño. Tiene el sentido de lo cas-*

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tizo. He has the sense of the"—all the end of the evening went to the discussion of the meaning of that famous word *castizo*.

The very existence of such a word in a language argues an acute sense of style, of the manner of doing things. Like all words of real import its meaning is a gamut, a section of the spectrum rather than something fixed and irrevocable. The first implication seems to be "according to Hoyle": a neatly turned phrase, an essentially Castilian cadence is *castizo;* a piece of pastry or a poem in the old tradition is *castizo*, or a compliment daintily turned, or a cloak of the proper fulness with the proper red velvet-bordered lining gracefully flung about the ears outside of a café. *Lo castizo* is the essence of the local, of the regional, the last stronghold of Castilian arrogance. It refers not to the empty shell of traditional observances, but to the very core and fragrance of them. Ultimately *lo castizo* means all that is salty, savorous of the red and yellow hills and the bare plains and the deep *arroyos* and the dust-colored towns full of palaces and belfries, and the beggars in snuff-colored cloaks and the mule-drivers with blankets over their shoulders, and the discoursive, lean-faced gentlemen grouped about tables at cafés and casinos, and the stout dowagers with mantillas over their gleaming black hair walking to church in the morning with missals clasped in fat hands—all that is acutely indigenous, Iberian, in the life of Castile.

In the flood of industrialism of the last twenty years that has obliterated landmarks and brought all the world to the same level of nickel-plated dulness, the theatre in Madrid has been the refuge of *lo castizo*. It has been a theatre of manners and local types and customs, of observation and natural history, where a rather specialized, well-trained audience accustomed to satire as the tone of daily conversation, was tickled by any portrayal of its quips and cranks. A tradition of character acting grew up nearer that of the Yiddish theatre than of any other stage we know in America. Benavente and the brothers Quintero have been the most successful playwrights of this school that has been in vogue pretty much since the going out of the *drame passionné* style of Echegaray. At present Benavente, as director of the Teatro Nacional, is unquestionably the leading figure. Therefore it is very fitting that he should be, in life and works, of all *madrileños* the most *castizo*.

Later, as we sat drinking milk in la Granja after a couple of hours of a shabby third-generation Viennese musical show at the Apollo, my friend discoursed to me of the manner of life of the *madrileño* in general and of Don Jacinto Benavente in particular. Round eleven or twelve one got up, took a cup of thick chocolate, strolled on the Castellana under the chestnut trees or looked in at one's office in the theatre. At two one lunched. At three or so one sat a while drinking coffee or anis in the Gato Negro, where the waiters have the air of cabinet ministers and listen to every word of the rather languid discussions on art and letters that while away the afternoon hours. Then as it got toward five one drifted to a matinee, if there chanced to be a new play opening, or to tea somewhere out in the new Frenchified Barrio de Salamanca. Dinner came along round nine; from there one went straight to the theatre to see that everything went well with the evening performance. At one the day culmi-

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nated in a famous *tertulia* at the Café de Lisboa, where all the world met and argued and quarreled and listened to disquisitions and epigrams at tables stacked with coffee glasses amid spiral reek of cigarette smoke. But when were the plays written, I asked. My friend laughed. "O, between semicolons, and en route, and in bed, and while being shaved. Here in Madrid you write a comedy between biscuits at breakfast.... And now that the Metro's open, it's a great help. I know a young poet who tossed off a five-act tragedy, sex-psychology and all, between the Puerta del Sol and Cuatro Caminos!

"But Madrid's being spoiled," he went on sadly; "at least from the point of view of *lo castizo*. In the last generation all one saw of daylight was sunset and dawn, people used to go out to fight duels where the Residencia de Estudiantes is now, and they had real *tertulias, tertulias* where conversation swaggered and parried and lunged, sparing nothing, laughing at everything, for all the world like our unique Spanish hero, Don Juan Tenorio.

Yo a las cabañas baje
Yo a los palacios subi,
y los claustros escalé,
y en todas partes deje
memorias amargas de mí.

Talk ranged from peasant huts to the palaces of Carlist duchesses, and God knows the crows and cloisters weren't let off scot free. And like good old absurd Tenorio they didn't care if laughter did leave bitter memories, and were willing to wait till their deathbeds to reconcile themselves with heaven and solemnity. But our generation, they all went solemn in their cradles.... Except for the theatre people, always except for the theatre people! We of the theatres will be *castizo* to the death."

As we left the café, I to go home to bed, my friend to go on to another *tertulia*, he stood for a moment looking back among the tables and glasses. "What the agora was to the Athenians," he said, and finished the sentence with an expressive wave of the hand.

It's hard for Anglo-Saxons, antisocial, as suspicious of neighbors as if they still lived in the boggy forests of Finland, city dwellers for a paltry thirty generations, to understand the publicity, the communal quality of life in the region of the Mediterranean. The first thought when one gets up is to go out of doors to see what people are talking of, the last thing before going to bed is to chat with the neighbors about the happenings of the day. The home, cloistered off, exclusive, can hardly be said to exist. Instead of the Nordic hearth, there is the courtyard about which the women sit while the men are away at the market place. Male social life centres in the café and the casino. The modern theatre is as directly the offshoot of the café as the old theatre was of the market place where all the town gathered in front of the church porch to see an interlude or mystery acted in a wagon by wandering players. The people who write the plays, the people who act them, and the people who see them spend their spare time smoking about marble-top tables, drinking coffee, discussing. Those too poor to buy a drink stand outside in groups on the sunny side of squares. Constant talk about everything that may happen or has happened or will happen manages to butter the bread of life pretty evenly with passion and thought and significance, but one loses the chunks of intensity. There is little chance for the burst dams that suddenly flood the

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dry watercourse of emotion among more inhibited, less civilized people. Generations upon generations of townsmen have made of life a well-dredged canal, easy-flowing, somewhat shallow.

It follows that the theatre under such conditions is talkative, witty, full of neat, swift caricaturing, improvised, un-self-conscious; at its worst, glib. Often there is boisterous action, passionate strain almost never. In Echegaray there are hecatombs, half the characters habitually go insane in the last act—tremendous barking but no bite of real intensity. Benavente has recaptured some of Lope de Vega's marvelous quality of adventurous progression. The Quinteros write domestic comedies full of whim and sparkle and tenderness. But expression always seems too easy; there is never the unbearable tension, the utter self-forgetfulness of the greatest drama. The Spanish theatre plays on the nerves and intellect rather than on the great harpstrings of emotion in which all of life is drawn taut.

At present in Madrid even café life is receding before the exigencies of business and the hardly excusable mania for imitating English and American manners. Spain is undergoing great changes in its relation to the rest of Europe, to Latin America, in its own internal structure. Notwithstanding Madrid's wartime growth and prosperity, the city is fast losing ground as the nucleus of the life and thought of Spanish-speaking people. The *madrileño*, lean, cynical, unscrupulous, nocturnal, explosive with a curious sort of febrile wit, is becoming extinct. His theatre is beginning to pander to foreign tastes, to be ashamed of itself, to take on respectability and stodginess. Prices of seats, up to 1918 very low, rise continually; the artisans, apprentice boys, loafers, clerks, porters, who formed the backbone of the audiences, can no longer afford the theatre and have taken to the movies instead. Managers spend money on scenery and costumes as a way of attracting fashionables. It has become quite proper for women to go to the theatre. Benavente's plays thus acquire double significance as the summing up and the chief expression of a movement that has reached its heyday, from which the sap has already been cut off. It is, indeed, the thing to disparage them for their very finest quality, the vividness with which they express the texture of Madrid, the animated humorous mordant conversation about café tables: *lo castizo.*

The first play of his I ever saw, "Gente Conocida", impressed me, I remember, at a time when I understood about one word in ten and had to content myself with following the general modulation of things, as carrying on to the stage, the moment the curtain rose, the very people, intonations, phrases that were stirring in the seats about me. After the first act a broad-bosomed lady in black silk leaned back in the seat beside me sighing comfortably, *"Qué castizo es este Benavente"*, and then went into a volley of approving chirpings. The full import of her enthusiasm did not come to me until much later when I read the play in the comparative light of a surer knowledge of Castilian, and found that it was a most vitriolic dissecting of the manner of life of that very dowager's own circle, a showing up of the predatory spite of "people of consequence". Here was this society woman, who in any other country would have been indignant, enjoying the annihilation of her kind. On such

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willingness to play the game of wit, even of abuse, without too much rancor, which is the unction to ease social intercourse, is founded all the popularity of Benavente's writing. Somewhere in Hugo's Spanish grammar (God save the mark!) is a proverb to the effect that the wind of Madrid is so subtle that it will kill a man without putting out a candle. The same, at their best, can be said of Benavente's satiric comedies:

El viento de Madrid es tan sutil
que mata a un hombre y no apaga un candil.

From the opposite bank of the Manzanares, a slimy shrunken stream that flows almost hidden under clotheslines where billow the undergarments of all Madrid, in certain lights you can recapture almost entire the silhouette of the city as Goya has drawn it again and again: clots of peeling stucco houses huddling up a flattened hill toward the dome of San Francisco El Grande, then an undulating skyline with cupolas and baroque belfries jutting among the sudden lights and darks of the clouds. Then perhaps the sun will light up with a spreading beam the electric factory, the sign on a biscuit manufacturer's warehouse, a row of white blocks of apartments along the edge of town to the north, and instead of odd, grimy, aboriginal Madrid, it will be a type city in Europe in the industrial era that shines in the clear air beyond the blue shadows and creamy flashes of the clothes on the lines. So will it be in a few years with the life of cafés and *paseos* and theatres. There will be times when in American automats, elegant smokeless tea rooms, shiny restaurants built to copy those of Buenos Aires, someone who has read his Benavente will be able to catch fleeting glimpses of old intonations, of witty parries, of noisy bombastic harangues, and feel for one pentecostal moment the full and by that time forgotten import of *lo castizo*.

TO A LADY TROUBLED BY INSOMNIA

By Franklin P. Adams

LET the waves of slumber billow
Gently, softly o'er thy pillow;
Let the darkness wrap thee round
Till in slumber thou art drowned;
Let my tenderest lullabies
Guard the closing of thine eyes;
If *these* fail to make thee weary,
Then I cannot help thee, dearie.

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THE UNWRITTEN REVIEW

By Annie Carroll Moore

"WON'T you give us something new and different in place of the old omnibus review? Make it purely fanciful if you like." It was the new editor of THE BOOKMAN who thus tempted me as we talked about a spring review of children's books for the May number. My own intentions were then beyond reproach. It was early in January and I proposed to keep faith at all costs with the readers who had scrambled to the top of my 'bus or kept their seats inside since the fall of 1918.

"We must not disappoint readers who are depending on a general survey of children's books," I repeated with the emphasis of conviction and a certainty of accomplishment. I had just returned from an inspiriting New Year's visit to Maine and to the new offices of the Atlantic Monthly Press in Boston where I had discussed all sorts of stimulating ideas concerning children's books, past and present, with Mr. Sedgwick, Mr. Howe, and the author of "The Firelight Fairy Book". I had also seen some fascinating illustrations for a new children's book and I knew that Ralph Bergengren was writing some more verses. There were other rumors of delights to come. In imagination I could already see advance galleys of books born of the impetus given to the spring publication of children's books, by my review for May, 1920. To these forthcoming books I would add appraisals of holiday books received too late for the November review and of unusual books which had been given too little attention. Everything that anybody, including myself, might want to know about recent books for children should be contained in this review.

I honestly meant to write such a review, and if even one advance galley had come in I am sure I should have made a beginning. Not a single one appeared, and again I went a-journeying. This time to Pittsburg and Cleveland accompanied by "An Ancient Mappe of Fairyland" (Dutton) sealed in blue and gold, Rose Fyleman's "Fairies and Chimneys" (Doran), Hugh Lofting's "Doctor Dolittle" (Stokes), "The Firelight Fairy Book" (Atlantic), some fascinating old paper-bound books for children sent over from London at Christmas by our Fairy Godmother—Marie Shedlock—and last, but not least, photographs of the new libraries for French children established by the American Committee for Devastated France. Perish all thought of an omnibus review in such company and on such a pilgrimage in the year 1921—the majority year of the children's century. The approach to Pittsburg, always singularly dramatic, was made memorable to me this year by a marvelous sunrise over the mountains. As the train sped on into the new day my thoughts went back to my first visit to the Training School for Children's Librarians of the Carnegie Library of Pittsburg. How vividly it all came back in a series of pictures of communities in which a children's library, reading room, and story hour were then new, and fascinating expe-

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riences in everyday life. One of the graduates of the first class of children's librarians (1902) is now directing the children's library work in France. One of the students of the present class is a young French woman, a professor of history who expects to return to her own country to teach and to do library work. "The Children's Library At Home and Abroad" became something more than a lecture title in the friendly atmosphere of this early stronghold of library work with children.

By the time I reached Cleveland, an earlier and even stronger centre of influence in the development of children's reading and of the children's library idea, the tide of reminiscence was carrying me back of my first experience of library commission work in Iowa to the year of my birth as a librarian (1896), when the American Library Association met in Cleveland. The director of the Library School of Western Reserve University, Alice S. Tyler, is this year president of the American Library Association, but I shall always think of her as I first saw her in Iowa building a pontoon bridge across the chasm which so often separates our universities from the popular educational institutions of the state. Her early and strong championship of children's reading and of the more personal methods by which it may be successfully carried on in the libraries and schools of the country, gave courage and freedom to an inexperienced lecturer whose chief concern then, as it is now, was to give literature the right of way with growing, changing, boys and girls.

My second lecture at Western Reserve University—"Children's Books: Past and Present"—did not bring me back, as I had thought it might, to the omnibus review. This road, like every other I had taken, led straight to France, to the old French fairy tales of the seventeenth century, the tales of Perrault and the Comtesse d'Aulnoy —to the impetus given to the education of English and American children by the French writers who preceded and followed the French Revolution; to the similarities between our own time and that of the French Revolution; to our debt to the French authors and artists of children's books —second only to that we owe to England. I read from "The Firelight Fairy Book" (whose author says that he has been more influenced by the French fairy tales than by any others) that delightful Franco-New England tale "The Seller of Dreams", and Rose Fyleman's "Yesterday in Oxford Street" and "Differences". There is no modern book to compare with the verses of "Fairies and Chimneys" for those who would truly play with both mind and spirit but have lost the magic touch. In its atmosphere more than one "fairy tree" has been planted by children in the Land of the Pilgrims and Puritans.

I was invited one evening during my visit to see a colorful and remarkably well presented Pageant of the Book given by pupils of a junior high school at the Cleveland Art Museum. The text for this pageant has not yet appeared in print but it deserves a place of its own to carry over the idea to other cities. It was distinctly a civic performance rather than a school exhibition. The modern book, as such, had no place in it, but the feeling for all that has gone into the making of books, the rich background of the guilds and crafts informed with human interest and association, was the more convincing because these book-loving boys and girls of an elementary school had caught the spirit of the

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time in its relation to good workmanship in any age. Still wondering over the simplicity and the beauty of a performance of school children in the Art Museum of their city, I began to read from Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch's lectures to students of Cambridge University "On the Art of Reading" (Putnam):

> I have often wished, Gentlemen, that some more winning name could be found for the thing we call Education, and I have sometimes thought wistfully that, had we made a better thing of it we should long ago have found a more amiable, a blither name. For after all it concerns the child; and is it quite an accident that weaning him away from lovely things that so lovelily call themselves "love", "home", "mother", we can find no more alluring titles for the streets into which we entrap him than "Educational Facilities", "Local Examinations", "Professors", "Certificates", "Diplomas", "Elementary or Primary and Secondary Codes"? ...Take, even such words as should be perennially beautiful, by connotation—words such as "Academy", "Museum".

But this lover of French fairy tales, of English poetry, of the legends of his own Cornish hills, reminds us that *academy*, *museum*, even *education* are sound words if only we would make the things correspond to their meanings. He defines once more the meaning of education as "a leading-out, a drawing-forth" of what is within a child. Speaking to university students and to all readers of his book, whether his subject is "Children's Reading"—to which he devotes two lectures of the twelve—, "The Value of Greek and Latin", "On Reading the Bible", or "Of Selection", Arthur Quiller-Couch stands in the presence of childhood as a veritable part of life as he knows it, and states its imperishable claim to literature. "All great literature", he says, "is gentle toward that spirit which learns of it. It teaches by apprehension not by comprehension." From the preface, dated July, 1920, two lines leap out in italics: "The real battle for English lies in the Elementary schools and in the training of Elementary teachers." And the reason why this battle is worth hard fighting is given in a final lecture on "The Use of Masterpieces":

> This War will leave us bound to Europe as we never have been: and whether we like it or not, no less inextricably bound to foe than to friend. Therefore, it has become important, and in a far higher degree than it ever was before the War, that our countrymen grow up with a sense of what I may call the *soul* of Europe.... Nowhere so well as in literature can they find this sense.

It is as impossible to teach this as a subject as it is to teach patriotism as a subject in the schools of England (or America). The only way it can be acquired is, by first of all gaining possession of the "master key"—the ability to read for one's self—that ability to take a book apart and let the author speak in his own way to a new reader and gradually to establish first-hand contact with great minds whose "speech has become memorable". "There is no such thing as 'mere literature'," asserts Quiller-Couch, and he as steadfastly refuses to disconnect national literature from national life as he refuses to treat the humanities as "a mere crown and ornament of education; they should inform every part of it," he says, "from the beginning, in every school; and whether a child have more education or less education what he has can be and should be a 'liberal education'."

I wish Sir Arthur might have seen the Pageant of the Book at the Cleveland Art Museum. That he might listen to a tale told from one of his own books, "The Wandering Heath" or "The Splendid Spur" (Scribner), at a Library Reading Club in New York. The very thought of reading as an art, of the readers who throng our schools and our libraries as potential artists, gives a lift and a promise to those who believe in the love of read-

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ing for its own sake. "...And as new nations with *their* cities and villages, their fields, woods, mountains, and seashores, rise up into the mountain-side, lo! fresh troops, and still fresh troops, and yet again fresh troops of these school-going children of the dawn." Years ago I had read that vision of children in William Canton's "The Invisible Playmate" (Dent), but it takes on new beauty and meaning set in the foreground of Quiller-Couch's first lecture on "Children's Reading". I have marked a dozen pages for quotation and I can give but one, characteristic, as I think, of the charm, the humor, the deep understanding of childhood and that attitude toward literature and the age to which it belongs which sets this book apart from all others which treat of children's reading:

> There are no new fairy-tales of the days when your grandmothers wore crinolines—I know, for I have searched. Mothers and nurses taught the old ones; the Three Bears still found, one after another, that "somebody has been sleeping in my bed"; Fatima continued to call, "Sister Anne, do you see any one coming?" the Wolf to show her teeth under her nightcap and snarl out (O, great moment!), "All the better to eat you with, my dear." Those of our grandfathers and grandmothers who understood joy and must have had fairies for ministers—those of our grandmothers who played croquet though a hoop with a bell and practised Cupid's own sport of archery, those of our grandfathers who wore jolly peg-top trousers and Dundreary whiskers, and built the Crystal Palace and drove to the Derby in green-veiled top-hats with Dutch dolls stuck about the brim—*tot circa unum caput tumultuantes deos*—and those splendid uncles who used to descend on the old school in a shower of gold—half-a-sovereign at the very least—all these should have trailed fairies with them in a cloud. But in practice the evangelical parent held the majority, put away all toys but Noah's Ark on Sundays, and voted the fairies down.
>
> I know not who converted the parents. It may have been that benefactor of Europe, Hans Christian Andersen, born at Odense in Denmark, in April, 1805. He died, near Copenhagen, in 1875, having by a few months outlived his seventieth birthday. I like to think that his genius, a continuing influence over a long generation, did more than anything else to convert the parents.

At this very time Arthur Quiller-Couch was sharing his understanding of childhood and his love of literature with Cambridge University students, Rockwell Kent was sharing with his nine year old son an experience of life and of literature in rare accord with the principles established in "The Art of Reading". "We live in many worlds, Rockwell and I", he writes in his Alaska journal,—"the world of the books we read,—an always changing one, 'Robinson Crusoe', 'Treasure Island', the visionary World of William Blake, the Saga Age, 'Water Babies', and the glorious Celtic past, —Rockwell's own world of fancy, kingdom of beasts, the world he dreams about and draws,—and my created land of striding heroes and poor fate-bound men—real as I have painted them or to me nothing is,—and then all round about our common, daily island-world itself more wonderful than we have half a notion of." I first read "Wilderness" (Putnam) in the Christmas holidays. Fascinated by its drawings—"The Snow Queen", "The Sunrise", "The Starlighter"—the frontispiece—"Rockwell, Alaska MCMXVIII", I paid no heed to the text until I turned a page and read: "I'm reading about King Arthur and the Round Table to him.... Rockwell said today—'I don't think the pictures in the book are half nice enough. I think of a wonderful picture when you read the story and then when I see the one in the book I'm disappointed.'" Rockwell Kent does not mention the name of the illustrator of the version of the King Arthur stories from which the story was read but he makes an observation which is the substance of doctrine concerning illustration of

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books for children.... "One need not attempt to palm off unimaginative stuff, much less trash on children. The greatest artists are none too good to make the drawings for children's books. Imagination and romance in pictures and stories a child asks for above all, and those qualities in illustration are the rarest."

I could not afford to skip one word of the journal after that lest I miss one of those simple revelations of the mind and heart of the growing boy or his artist father. There is no trace of condescension in the relationship between Rockwell Kent the artist and his little son. Their six months of life together in the white north, remote from all human companionship save that of Olsen the old Swede, is just a dream come true to both of them. Dorothy Canfield has said in her introduction to "Wilderness": "The man who can extract the whole quaint savor out of that magical, prosaic, humorous moment of human life, the first stretching dawn of early morning, that man can make me believe that I too see the North Wind running mightily athwart the sky." The book has not as yet found a place in the children's rooms of public libraries. I question its appeal to boys and girls but its value to those who would have a fuller understanding of childhood is beyond computation.

I have kept the faith in relation to these two unusual books, and now I am taking the road to France to see the French village children Boutet de Monvel has made so familiar to us all in their own library reading rooms at Soissons, Vic-sur-Aisne, Anizy-le-Château, Coucy, and Blerancourt. Dorothy Canfield writes from Vermont: "I have read through the report of the Libraries in the Aisne, with the deepest interest and delight, almost incredulous delight! I suppose to people who do not know French village life as I do, it can't seem such a miracle to have a children's reading-room, but it is a miracle none the less! What an element of sweetness and light in a French village, to have the children using a public library freely!"

PRISONS

By Karle Wilson Baker

MASTERS have wrought in prisons,
At peace in cells of stone:
From their thick walls I fashion
Windows to light my own.

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THE LONDONER

Lytton Strachey's "Queen Victoria"—Conrad's "Notes on Life and Letters"—The Criticism of One's Contemporaries—"Main Street"—The Path to Fame in English Letters—The Keats Centenary—Herman Melville—Hardy, Gissing, Pett Ridge, and Others—H. M. Tomlinson.

LONDON, *March* 1, 1921.

THE book for which we are all waiting at the moment is Lytton Strachey's "Queen Victoria". It will be ready, I understand, about the middle of April. Whether it will be published simultaneously in the United States I do not know, but I imagine that it may be held over until the fall. It contains about ninety thousand words, and presents an unusually sympathetic portrait of the Queen and the Prince Consort. On the whole, I should say that the person who is shown in the most ironic and dispassionate manner is Disraeli, whose flatteries, "laid on with a trowel", as the Minister himself put it, are almost incredible. Mr. Strachey has performed a remarkable feat in so selecting his material that the whole biography has the lightness of an essay, while it at the same time has the sharpness and brilliance of a cameo. The way in which, by a few as it were casual references, the Duke of Wellington is made to live, and the masterly portrait of Lord Melbourne, would in themselves be enough to give the book importance. The description of the decoration of Balmoral is one of the most mordant things I have ever read.

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Mr. Conrad's "Notes on Life and Letters" is now ready. It contains a number of literary appraisements, all of high value. But it is not a volume of undress opinions. On the contrary, Mr. Conrad expressly declares that whatever task he undertakes, and however lowly may be its theme, he always takes the trouble to clothe himself in full intellectual costume before embarking upon it. This, while it adds to the authority of the work, does a little detract from its ease of enjoyment. For when an author dresses we also must dress. It will not do to read him, in his own phrase, *en pantouffles*. "Notes on Life and Letters" is therefore less of an intimate revelation than I had been led to expect. It has another value altogether, and it must be taken seriously as the expression of sage artistic reflections. For the novelist and literary critic it is full of mature wisdom and suggestiveness. For some of us it has almost the serious value of an artistic gospel. We shall no longer be able to consider the work of Maupassant, Turgenev, Henry James, Anatole France, etc., without reference to the declared opinion of Mr. Conrad. We shall no longer, perhaps, be able to write so carelessly about the art of the novel. This is nearly all to the good, for what is wanted above all in the estimation of novels of more than ephemeral interest is some definite æsthetic standard, by which we are enabled to bring a serious, and not a purely flippant and personal, attention to the work of modern writers.

* * * *

The temptation to dismiss a con-

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temporary writer for no better reason than that he *is* a contemporary, is immense. It arises from a curious combination of circumstances. We all know the attitude of mind which leads a man to say, "Johnny Moscow write a masterpiece? Ridiculous! I *know* him. Quite a decent chap, but write a masterpiece—absurd! You see, I've talked to the chap. He's just like you or me. Prejudiced, always falling in love.... His tennis is farcical. Untidy.... Why, he's *practical!*" It is the simplest thing in the world. No man is a hero to his valet. We forget that somebody once commented upon that very saying with the remark, "Yes, but that is because the valet is a valet, not because the hero is not a hero." And it is very difficult to think of a man as a great poet when one has seen him gorging lobster.

* * * *

This particular disease, so much to be observed in England—as it has been ever since there were writers at all—is apparently less prevalent in America, where modern authors are acclaimed and read. Sinclair Lewis's "Main Street" has been praised to the skies in the United States. It has been, and continues to be, very widely read. Those who have read the book here assure me that it is very good indeed. That is the verdict of writers. But the first review I have seen of this book describes it in a few sentences of small type, and the novel is left to take its chance with English readers with no attempt to appraise it in the light of the environment which has produced its subject matter. In one way this is quite right, for it is clearly the book rather than the environment which it describes that matters to the literary critic. To Americans such a book must necessarily appeal more than to English readers to whom the whole circumstances are foreign. But what I am told is that the book is good as a book. And if it is good as a book then we ought to have some way of learning this. If the novel were already a classic we should hear all about it. We should have commentaries upon it. And I will tell you the reason why all readers would delight in it and be proud to have read it. It would be because they would know beforehand what to think of it. Opinion upon "Main Street" would have been standardized.

* * * *

Years ago, when it first came out, I lent my copy of "The Old Wives' Tale" to a friend. She had never heard of the author, and read the book as a book. She did not like it. Some time ago she reread it. She thought it one of the finest books she had ever read. You will say, perhaps, that she had improved in taste in the interval. It may be so. But what I think had happened is that she had found others praising this book, and had been affected by the author's great fame. At any rate, she is now a confirmed lover of Bennett's novels. A novel of my own was once reviewed in an inch of space and described as the finest novel of the year. Obviously, if the reviewer had really thought that, he could have insisted upon adequate space for his review. He had never heard of the author, liked the book, praised it, but not so publicly as to lead him to have to justify his opinion. He would have been afraid to do so. It would have seemed like taking a contemporary seriously before all the claques had set their seal upon that contemporary for some extraneous reason. The thing that establishes reputation in England is talk. It is personal gossip. When once it is worth while for gossipers to discuss a writer's personal affairs, that

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writer is a made man (or woman). But only in later days does the general reading public get the backwash of this personal popularity or unpopularity in a new consciousness that the author is worth reading. Ten years later, perhaps, he is acclaimed. He is by that time very likely writing rubbish, but he is established, and in England nothing can seriously affect a writer who has once become established.

There is one point to be set against all this, and that is that the slow growth of a writer's fame in England often saves us (but not invariably) from the domination of quacks. It is like a process of filtration. On the whole, good books survive, and good writers do not perish. They ought to, but they don't. There is a kind of sublime justice about the whole thing. And another point which should be emphasized is that if a good writer writes a bad book that book disappears. On the other hand, a good book is made twice as important. The bad one is politely ignored. The good one is discussed with energy. The result is that a single bad book does no harm to an established reputation. But while this is excellent I think it is a pity that there should be so much delay in setting a standard. The writer just beginning needs much more "discovery" than he gets. The processes for a young and ambitious writer in this country are, first of all to scrape into a literary set, next to publish a book which his friends can favorably review, finally to have some strange personal accident which gets his name into the tea parties, and if possible into the newspapers. He can then watch his fame advancing. But if he does not enjoy these advantages he may go on for years without being heard of. I think at this moment of a woman writer of my acquaintance who has published at least eight novels containing exceptional, but rather displeasing, matter. She has lived all the time in the country, is unknown, and does not make a living by her literary work. Others, with social reputation, are well known to their friends, are written about, and make so much money that a few years ago I should have gasped at the mere possibility of making so much money by any means whatever.

* * * *

You can see to what an extent opinion is a matter of time in the recent Keats celebrations. When he was alive his fame was, to put it mildly, select. He died with some fuss, but his literary reputation was not exaggerated. It has steadily grown for a hundred years. At no time has it been greater than it is today, when our poetical critics have been tumbling over each other in their efforts to say the final word in his praise. The amount of gush provoked by the opportunity which the recent centenary has afforded has been surprising. In every paper there has been some adulatory article upon Keats, calling him the supremely poetical poet of English literature, and one of the marvels of all the ages. It has been most edifying. When a man is dead we forget all animosities. Over the living we quarrel with ferocity. Each poet has his detractors. But all unite, apparently, in love of Keats. I have a great delight in Keats myself; but I have been amazed at the flood of enthusiasm provoked in the daily and weekly press. I had no idea that there were so many Keats-idolaters in the world. The praise has seemed to me mostly wrong. It has been whirling and unsound in poetic theory. It has passed the bounds of reason. There

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have been other poets. Can we not have some of them discovered? I suppose we must wait until their centenaries also arrive in the due passage of time. But I wonder what the contemporaries of Keats (outside his own circle) would have said to all this agitation. Almost certainly they would have experienced surprise. There is to be, I am told, a complete edition of the poems of Keats's friend Leigh Hunt. What will the critics find to say about this promising young amateur in the art of versification? I await the apotheosis of Leigh Hunt with interest.

* * * *

Another great discovery of the London critics is Herman Melville, of whose works there is to be a collected edition. Years ago I read "Typee", "Omoo", and "Moby Dick", and then came to the conclusion that the later books of Melville were unreadable. "Omoo" and "Typee" have long been popular works. "Moby Dick" has for some time been included in the excellent "Everyman's Library". But only lately have the quidnuncs discovered the latter book, of which a new edition has just appeared in "The World's Classics" with an introduction by Viola Meynell. This edition has called forth just such another chorus of praise from the critics as has the Keats centenary. "Moby Dick" has been formally "found" and placed as one of the masterpieces of all time. It can never again be wholly forgotten; but I wonder how long it will be before it is half forgotten. Not long, I fear. For one thing, it is not everybody's book. It is too fervid, as the author's later works are superabundantly too fervid. It is magnificent, full of color, a glorious example of what can be done with words urged to their task by a willing spirit. I do not question the virtue of Melville. But I find it hard to believe that his recent discoverers have done more than scratch the soil above the treasure of "Moby Dick"; and when once another old book has been rediscovered their enthusiasm will flow easily into the new channels with hardly a trace of memory to savor the fresh allegiance. Let us hope I am wrong. I have noticed, however, other discoveries and their precarious hold upon the attention of booklovers. The complete edition will doubtless do much to establish Melville as a permanent figure. Will not somebody discover the best of Marryat's work? It would be a kindly task, and one most grateful to those who are forever losing patience with what is current and representative of our own time. The time is with us, and it is easier to retrieve a classic than to make a new one, particularly if the author be alive.

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The one living author who is unquestioned as a classic is Thomas Hardy. And here we are curiously divided as to the best of his work. Hardy himself, I understand, considers his poems of greater value than his novels. Many agree with him. I have even heard within the last few days of one reader of "Tess of the D'Urbervilles" who was made impatient with that novel. But for myself I cling to the novels. From "Under the Greenwood Tree" onward, they seem to me the best things of their kind which I have ever read. Meanwhile, the author of these works resides at Dorchester, much molested by passing strangers, as all great men are apt to be. He is writing poetry, and I suppose we shall presently have published in volume form the many verses which have appeared serially during the last year or two. The last

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collected reprint of Hardy quickly sold and went to a premium. It is strange, however, that other writers, of smaller merit, sell even more rapidly and go to an even greater premium. For example Stevenson, the Swanston Edition of whose works, one of the ugliest sets ever produced, is not to be had under about three times the price at which it was published a short time ago. I once heard that there was a possibility of a Library Edition of Gissing; but I suppose that production difficulties have led to an abandonment or a postponement of this excellent scheme.

Gissing has a number of unconscious imitators, none of them quite up to the real thing. Pett Ridge is not an imitator, but he has been supposed to be so because he has written so consistently about the London lower middle class. This always stamps a man, to the reviewers, as a disciple of Gissing, the fact being that Gissing wrote very little about the London lower middle class. Unfortunately it is easier to praise Gissing than to read his novels, or so it would appear; for few of the references one sees to his name show any familiarity at all with his actual contribution to our novel. His best books are all personal studies, and studies of character in adverse circumstances. The "class" books, such as "Thyrza", "The Nether World", etc., fall into a different category. There should be a proper Life of Gissing, of which no sign is at present forthcoming. I doubt if such a thing is now possible. There are few living who knew him intimately, and these are too full of other work to undertake such a task. Morley Roberts, of course, did the job under the guise of fiction in "The Private Life of Henry Maitland", but this was disliked by many as though it had been lamentably malicious. It was not in the least malicious, and it contained a great deal of unknown material. Roberts, however, is a man of extreme sensitiveness, and he wrote the book, evidently, at enormous speed when he was ill. It is careless and sometimes not perfectly fair to Gissing's friends. All the same, it is valuable. I met the other day a man who had known Gissing well in the later years of his life. From him I was sorry to hear that one of Gissing's two sons was killed in the war. The other remains a soldier and is out of England.

When Gissing's unfinished book, "Veranilda", was being prepared, it was felt that it should have a preface. Wells wrote one, but it displeased the executors for some reason, and appeared as a separate essay in "The Monthly Review". In its place appeared a strange essay by Frederic Harrison, which cannot have given much pleasure, either. However, Frederic Harrison must know as much about the period with which "Veranilda" deals as most men could do who are not precise scholars; and he came closely into contact with the author at a time when Gissing was tutor to the Harrison boys.

I mentioned Pett Ridge just now because he has recently issued a new novel, "Bannerton's Agency", and because I understand that American readers do not take kindly to his work. In regard to such a book as "Bannerton's Agency" it may be that American readers judge with some sagacity; but it would never do to view this novel as representing what Pett Ridge can really do. His earlier novels are valuable as studies of London life. They are full of actual knowledge, because Pett Ridge has always written solely about a kind of life that is as well known to him as the faces he

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sees around the breakfast table. Moreover, he has always written about this life with a sympathy and understanding which Gissing could never have compassed. Gissing was an alien among the poor. He was the rare bird in the midst of the sparrows. He saw with a kind of fierce loathing. He felt horror, and noticed with almost malignant dislike. His pictures have all the strength of this hatred. They have not the ripe understanding which Pett Ridge has always shown. As writers, of course, the two men are not comparable; but as delineators, supposing one goes to a novel for the spirit of the class it describes, they compare always to the advantage of Pett Ridge when he cares to take his own work seriously.

* * * *

A new book which is deservedly attracting much attention here is H. M. Tomlinson's "London River". It is about the foreshore of London, a district well known to the author. Tomlinson's "The Sea and the Jungle" was one of the finest books of travel ever written, for it was not only full of atmosphere, but was written in a style to make most other writers envious. Tomlinson, in fact, is one of the best writers engaged at present in journalism. He has published very little in book form, for which we may safely blame the general level of taste. Not being a novelist, he cannot afford to concentrate upon the volume, but must live by writing for the press. That he does this with extraordinary skill nobody could deny who reads "The Nation" week by week. Here, very often under the heading "Books in General", Tomlinson writes week by week with distinction unsurpassed by any of his contemporaries. He has but to take any subject, and it blossoms into new significance. When one considers under what conditions so much of the work is performed it is most remarkable that he should maintain such a high level. During the war, Tomlinson acted as a correspondent for "The Daily News", and his messages were so burning with an emotion different from the insipid stuff turned out by so many correspondents, that they were immediately recognized as unique. Later, he joined the staff of "The Nation", and he also collected into book form a number of his occasional writings under the title of "Old Junk". His is a mind of great acuteness, and his observations are just and dry. But it is his style which is chiefly to be observed, so simply and so closely does it fit with what he has to say. It has a satisfying rhythm, a quiet color and progress which is never monotonous. It is altogether unlike the staccato and restless writing of so many of our younger men. There is one possible explanation of this, apart from Tomlinson's manifestly fine ear. It is that he has been at sea, and that he loves the sea. Let the reader recall the even swell of a calm sea, when the land is out of sight, and he will have something of the emotion—if he be a sea-lover—which is to be found in Tomlinson's prose. This is a thing to be remembered, for it is exceptional to find one who writes naturally with such beauty. The circumstances in which Tomlinson works, and the speed with which his work has to be prepared, preclude the possibility of much after-polishing; and he is a born writer, in contradistinction to those who become writers through care and the application of after-taste to what has been written with an ear less immediately sensitive to the values of words as instruments.

SIMON PURE

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MOVING PICTURES, BOOKS, AND CHILD CRIME

By Rowland C. Sheldon

THE reformatory that we visited today receives boys from all over the state; boys sent there for all sorts of juvenile delinquency—things that among grown ups are called stealing, robbery, burglary, homicide, and murder. I wanted to ask those boys some questions about the books they had read and the movies they had seen—the same questions that I have asked a hundred other boys. I now have a sort of composite answer from boys some of whom are unusually bright, others ordinary, some dull, but all of whom have been either truants, runaways, thieves, or liars. I think though that they have all been truthful to me—they have no cause to be otherwise.

One said, "It was the movies that got me in here."

I asked, "Do you mean that you stole in order to get money to go to the movies, or that you saw pictures that made you want to steal?"

"I saw pictures that made me think of stealing."

"But didn't the pictures show that the thief always gets caught and punished?"

"Oh yes, but I thought I was wise and wouldn't get caught. I thought I wouldn't make the mistake he did to get caught."

That youngster was fifteen, of ordinary intelligence, unemotional—he took a chance and lost.

Another boy, between fifteen and sixteen, graduated from grammar school at fourteen, just about the time his father died, "got going with the wrong crowd" and began to rob; stole an automatic pistol which was accidentally discharged, killing a playmate. He said that he had always read a great deal before he went wrong and remembered chiefly the Alger books. He had read each of them three or four times and had got a great deal of good out of them—especially a belief in the poor boy's ability to succeed.

He was considerably less clear as to what, if any, help he had derived from the motion pictures. As he put it: "Didn't get as much out of the movies as out of books—there was something good in the books that wasn't in the movies." None of the books or magazines he had read had suggested crime to him, with the exception of the "Detective Story Magazine". He blames his present trouble on movie scenes of western holdups. These the boys would imitate, not for money gain but just for the love of excitement.

As a matter of fact many children are brought into court for really holding up and robbing other children.

I asked this boy what he thought might be done to keep other boys from following in his footsteps. He had evidently been thinking of this also, for he promptly answered, "Don't let them go to movies so much." He would limit them to one visit a week—de-

EDITOR'S NOTE.—Rowland C. Sheldon is the General Secretary for the Big Brother Movement, Inc., an organization which seeks out the boy who needs the advice and encouragement of an older man, then finds that older man. It has brought together 8,132 of these "brothers". Mr. Sheldon has talked with thousands of boys in all classes of society, and knows them thoroughly.

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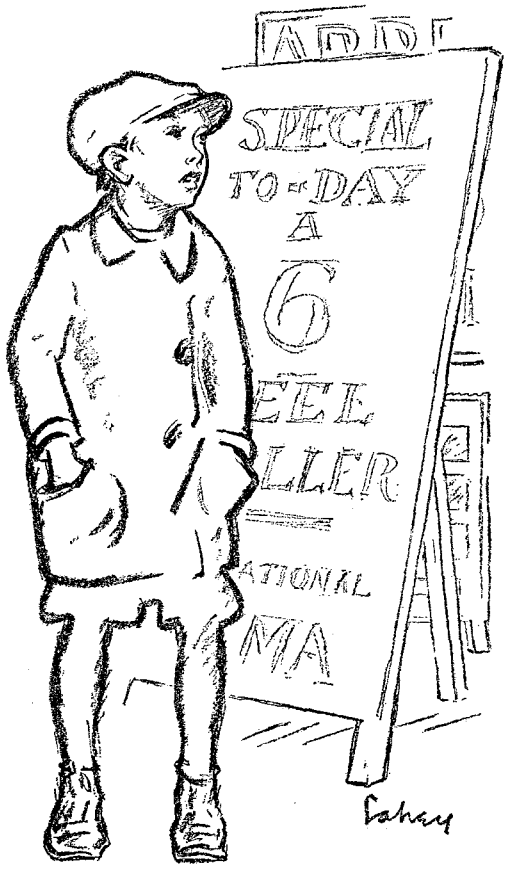

Sketched by Richard Lahey

pending, I suppose, on the other six days to keep them level headed.

Would it be posible to limit children to special deleted programs, and to grant admission only to those children who had obtained a good school rating for the week? This method would surely prevent truancy to a degree, and help the teachers.

To go back to the holdups, I talked with another boy, Jim, who was guilty of killing a playmate. It appears that Jim and his pal, Frank, secured a couple of loaded revolvers by some means and started out to "play hold-up". Meeting a third boy, Jim ordered hands up and pointed his revolver, not intending to fire. Frank, standing behind Jim, fired his gun into the air and Jim, startled, involuntarily pulled the trigger and shot the playmate "victim" dead.

How I wish that the men who write such scenarios and the men who produce them, could visit the criminals they have made! The fact that the culprit on the screen is caught and punished does not mend matters. The child goes to see the picture craving excitement. The climax is reached with the holdup or the robbery, after which the child's camera-eye does not

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register the unexciting scenes of the culprit dully sitting in his prison cell.

After talking with the boys today, we went upstairs to the assembly room to see that most wholesome of actors, Charles Ray, in "Homer Comes Home". You should have heard those "delinquents" applaud Homer for walking miles and miles rather than use for carfare one penny of the hundreds of thousands of dollars he carried—because it wasn't his own. I tell you, and I tell the producers, that people don't want crime, smut, or drunkenness.

Now, then, what is the underlying truth? What are the movies doing to our children? Are they multiplying the baneful influence of the old yellow-backed "Nick Carter" a thousandfold? Worse than that. Even books of that brand could not carry the words necessary to describe adequately the present movie scenes of hatred, cruelty, debauchery, crime, passion. The words would be unprintable. For the uses of science, law, or history such scenes can be and are described. They are, however, so cloaked in phraseology as to be entirely without meaning to those for whom they are not intended. Unfortunately we cannot so shield the motion pictures from those who will misuse them.

No one that I ever talked with can remember much more than the title of a motion picture seen a year ago. There seems to be no lasting effect—for either good or bad. But books—how well we remember the names, characters, scenes, and moral of books we read ten, twenty, thirty years ago. What makes the difference? Isn't it that reading forces us to create an image—a concept—which continues to exist in memory? If so, what is happening to the memory training of our children?

When we read, there is time for thought, reasoning, and the formation of judgment; but motion pictures progress so swiftly as to permit almost no cerebral action—little more than percept. What is happening to the reasoning power of our children?

The Big Brothers as an organization are combating the bad influence of the movies by, first, formulating lists of books under the general heads of camping, scouting, seafaring, man-o'-war, building the great west, engineering, railroading, inventions, treasure hunting. Then, as the individual Big Brothers learn the particular interests of their protégés, a list of selected books is prepared and the books lent as fast as the demand comes. Even a boy of twelve who thinks he is interested in mechanics is held by reading the lives of Edison, Stevenson, and Watt. And a budding musical genius likes to know something of the boyhood of Mozart, Beethoven, Sullivan, and Sousa. Every child should have the benefit of certain prescribed courses of reading—for vocabulary, memory training, and reasoning. More than that, he should be *compelled* to read.

Psychological examinations have shown that certain emotionally unstable persons should be prevented from seeing pictures of crimes. This prevention we are accomplishing with the help of the parents and the proprietors of the neighborhood movie houses.

There will be no quarrel with the movies when we all realize that they are not the meat of the feast—not even a meat substitute—but only the dessert. And we want pure materials even in our desserts.

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FLOYD DELL

A VALIANT gentleness, a robust sensitiveness, a faun at the barricades! The faun fights stoically enough and with the commissars he discusses St. Marx, but he belongs on the sunny bluffs by the Mississippi, to which region all intelligent fauns are now moving. I do not know of any writer in the world who combines economics with a graceful genius for loafing, and for smiling at pretty, adorable things, as does Floyd Dell. It was this combination which made remarkable not only his first novel, "Moon-Calf", but a slightly earlier book, "Were You Ever a Child?", from whose comprehension of the child's mind both Dottoressa Montessori and Herr Froebel might have learned. It is a book of pedagogy unscented with blackboards and desk-varnish, just as "Moon-Calf" is a novel unchanneled by magazines. And like his books is Floyd Dell himself, slender, young, rather shy, discussing the exact significance of the Third International with overwhelming knowledge, yet all the while wishing that he could be off to the Isle of Ængus, where they sleep and sing and make verses and make love and haven't yet heard about even the First International.

Sinclair Lewis

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THE POEMS OF THE MONTH

Selected by Marguerite Wilkinson

LOUIS UNTERMEYER began this series of articles with a decorous and disarming apologia which I am glad to echo. Let a person attempt to judge anything from a poetry contest to a dog fight, says Mr. Untermeyer, and his sorrows will multiply. Yes, verily! To judge the dog fight is the easier feat, however, for the under dog may know when he is under and his friends are sure to know it eventually. It can be proved if the fight lasts long enough. But in the world of the poets nothing can be proved. The poet who recognizes imperfections in his own work, as Keats did, is seldom an under poet; he is more likely to be one who, like Keats, has moved so far toward excellence that he is willing to look truth in the face. But all poets are at the mercy of the dominant opinion of the times, and the dominant opinion of the times is quite as likely to be all wrong as to be all right. This makes a decent humility quite as becoming in the commentator as in the poet. Therefore let me follow modestly in the modest footsteps of Mr. Untermeyer and say that I am merely telling which poems from the February magazines are most interesting to me.

Hilda Conkling's "String of Beads and Petals" which won a prize of fifty dollars offered by "The Touchstone", is a group of lyrics in unrhymed cadence that has given me keen pleasure. Each poem in the sequence is remarkable for freshness of imagery and spontaneously graceful phrasing. It is natural that it should be so, for Hilda is a child and children's sense impressions are not blurred by their associations.

If the fresh image and the natural cadence were all of poetry, the work of adults would frequently suffer, I think, by comparison with the work of children able to express themselves as Hilda does. Fortunately for the adults, these things are not all of poetry, although the present vogue of the casual and fragmentary emphasizes their importance. It still remains for the adult to put emotion into subtle rhythms, or into rich, orchestral rhythms, to relate images to human experience as no child can, and to offer the world wisdom, as well as passion, in patterns of musical words.

Side by side with Hilda's poems I should like to set a sonnet by Edwin Arlington Robinson which appeared in "The Nation". It is called "Lost Anchors", and, like even the least interesting of Mr. Robinson's poems, is well written. Joseph Campbell's "Six Poems", printed in "The Dial", are worth reading, the most delightful, in my opinion, being "My Song Is As a Water-Find". David Morton's "Two Sonnets" in "The Century" have the quiet charm which has won him many admirers. In spite of too many *s* sounds I like "Fugitive" the better of the two.

EDITOR'S NOTE.—*Each month* THE BOOKMAN *will select a group of poems from the American periodicals. These will be submitted to a prominent poet or critic who will choose from them "The Poems of the Month", though he will be free to add any others he may prefer. Marguerite Wilkinson will act as arbiter for May and June. The complete list of poems selected will be found in the Gossip Shop.*

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DAISIES

Snow-white shawls...
Golden faces...
Countryside, hillside, wayside people...
Little market-women
Selling dew and yellow flour
To make bread
For some city of elves.

OLD BRASS POT

The old brass pot in the corner
Shines and scowls at the kitchen pans.
Like a stubborn king
He sits and frowns...
Orders them about
When I'm not looking.
He was a gift from the fairy queen.
What can I do?

He boils rice when I want it,
Makes broth when it is needed.
He is magic
But he growls all day.
Without him it would be pleasant and comfortable
In my little cottage
With wistaria growing over the open windows...
What can I do?

He tells the frying pan
To stay on its hook...
He shouts at the other pans
In a gruff voice...
They all might be so happy
In my cozy kitchen!
Tell me—but you must whisper—
What can I do?

TIME

Time is a harp
That plays till you fall asleep:—
You are always spending it away
Like a music...
Suddenly you are left alone on a trail of wind.

The mountains were asleep
Long ago!
Listen...the tune is changing...
Do you hear it?
You will sleep too
Before long...

Hilda Conkling
—*The Touchstone*

LOST ANCHORS

Like a dry fish flung inland far from shore,
There lived a sailor, warped and ocean-browned,
Who told of an old vessel harbor drowned
And out of mind a century before,
Where divers, on descending to explore
A legend that had lived its way around
The world of ships, in the dark hulk had found
Anchors, which had been seized and seen no more.

Improving a dry leisure to invest
Their misadventure with a manifest
Analogy that he may read who runs,
The sailor made it old as ocean grass
Telling of much that once had come to pass
With him, whose mother should have had no sons.

Edwin Arlington Robinson
—*The Nation*

"MY SONG IS AS A WATER-FIND"

My song is as a water-find
That bubbles from the hollow earth,
A shell the sea has left behind,
A burning faggot on the hearth,
A vagrant garden air that blows
Sweet with perfume of stock and rose.

I know no more of why I sing
Than does the chaffinch in the tree;
I am an elemental thing
Folded about with mystery,
God-begotten, born of dust—
I sing my song because I must.

Joseph Campbell
—*The Dial*

FUGITIVE

Behind these falling curtains of the rain
Beauty goes by, a phantom on the hill,
A timid fugitive beyond the lane,
In rainy silver, and so shy and still
That only peering eyes of some hid bird,
Or furry ears that listened by a stone,
Could guess at something neither seen nor heard,
Finding escape and faring by alone.

For eyes like ours too faint a thing and fleet,
Too lightly running for such ears to hear
The stealthy going of such weightless feet
No thrilling sight or sound of her comes near;
Only the shining grasses, where they lie,
Give hint of silver slippers hasting by.

David Morton
—*The Century*

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THE EDITOR RECOMMENDS—

E. A. Robinson's Dime Novel

Hate and fear of the devil! With these two emotions as a psychological background, "Avon's Harvest" (Macmillan) in the hands of another poet might have been a terrifying bluster of words. As it is:

> Merely a dagger on a dictionary.
> Daggers are out of date, but there you are.
> Take it; and if you like it, shave with it.

There in his library, with the dagger before him, Avon analyzes his own soul. His tone is conversational. His calm in the face of a blast of inner emotions is as pitiful as the face of a woman tearless under great sorrow. The nervous hatred of a single individual has been the motif of Avon's existence. It shadows his life and his confession. The ghost of his hatred haunts him, when the object of it dies, so that fear and hate commingled torture him. With a masterful restraint Robinson builds to his climax. Scarcely ever does a word or a figure stand out to clog the movement. It is as simple as death and as poignant. Slow at first, then a slight lift to terror, then broader strokes,—

> Though fear had made an anvil of my heart
> Where demons, for the joy of doing it,
> Were sledging death down on it....

Nowhere else can I recall so brilliant a drawing of the intense calm of a suffering neurotic. Toward the last of the poem, I had the feeling constantly that something was about to break through, there must be an outrush of quick words; but it never came.

> The shadowy glimpse of an uplifted arm,
> And a moon-flash of metal. That was all....

"Avon's Harvest" is less difficult than much of Robinson, and it is more moving. He has called it his "dime novel in verse". Well, perhaps it is as near the penny dreadful as he will ever come. In American literature, surely, there is no more powerful dramatic poem.

A Lady's Russia

Had a charming lady cornered Emperor Nero, a gentleman who was, so they say, notoriously a bad actor; had she cornered him and then fashioned a nice clay bust of him, it is quite possible that she would have found his manners socially disarming. Perhaps, then, she might have written a diary of her stay in Rome. It might have been most entertaining. Nero probably would have given her a banquet or two; but the political significance of her papyrus would have been doubtful, don't you think? She might have overlooked so many little court murders. Remembering this, "Mayfair to Moscow" (Boni and Liveright) is a jolly story. Mrs. Sheridan is a jolly person. She went to Russia. She saw the Bolshevik leaders. She conquered them, then she sculped them. But it is only a person bravely confident in his knowledge of feminine psychology who can attempt an opinion of the Soviet from her reactions. What she really thinks, she seems rather successfully to have concealed. The book, at any rate, is more romantic than most recent novels. Its flashes of humor, its curious bits of character drawing, and its breezy style, not only entertain; they make one immediately want to

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meet Clare Sheridan. The following seems the most significant bit in the entire volume. She writes of her first morning in Moscow:

I went out into the Kremlin grounds with Alexandre, and while he played football with Serge Trotsky I sat among the columns of the Alexander Memorial and indulged in a kaleidoscope of thought. Serge is the twelve-year-old son of Trotsky and is a fine little boy with a broad chest and a straight back. He looks like the heir to a throne in the guise of a peasant.

"They Went"

A personal pronoun and a part of the verb *go* form a strangely colorless title for this fanciful romantic novel. If James Branch Cabell is the American Hewlett, then Norman Douglas is the English Cabell; for "They Went" (Dodd, Mead) has something of the quaintness of "Jurgen", together with a more easily flowing style and a certain lucidity. The story of a dastardly young princess of a curious Druidical country, who has a habit of killing her lovers and throwing them into the Great Drain, this book is probably a satire on something or other. Perhaps Mr. Douglas is taking a crack at family life. The heroine's relations with the King and Queen are odd. Perhaps it is love that annoys him. Whatever his object of contempt may be, thank heaven it is not the small town! His characters are all vivid and droll—his princess, the drollest. Now she is a flashing fire of tempestuous desires, now a dreamy child, now a wanton minx. Maybe he means her to be woman incarnate. If so he is a disillusioned man. I wouldn't dare to venture a guess.

She feared to lose her sway; to succumb to the influence of this one, or that one. It was fear, craven fear that turned her into a tigress. None should encroach upon her will—not even the dearest of friends! For lovers were likely to gain influence, to wax presumptuous or menacing. They must go. They went....

But, on the other hand, and here is a nice problem in ethics—

She was a good girl. She gratified her parents whenever she could.

Let me warn you against this novel if you are the sort of person who must know the exact meaning of your story books. However, perhaps you liked fairy stories when you were younger, or perhaps you are still young. It's a gorgeous piece of fooling.

Of Children's Courts

If you have ever spent a morning in a children's court, you know that it is a place to learn much bitterness in a short time. There is no scene that so drags out the emotions as such a court in New York City of a busy morning. A child liar, a child bandit, a child thief—true, there is something romantic about such precocity; such children in our own homes are the vexing problem of a day. On the streets, they become criminal. Judge Hoyt is an experienced and a kindly judge of children. In his "Quicksands of Youth" (Scribner) he has told vividly of boys who would be Mexican robbers, of girls who will bob their hair in spite of parents and courts, of neglected children, of neglected parents even. It is a fine story of young enthusiasms gone wrong. There is humor, pathos, and an understanding of the psychology of city streets. Sometimes I stop to watch a group of boys burning boxes on the East Side, and wonder what each one is thinking and planning to do with his life. Having read Judge Hoyt's book, I will be able better to speculate. Some will find this record sentimental. They will be those who do not like boys—or who do not understand sentiment.

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A SHELF OF RECENT BOOKS

MR. LANSING'S APOLOGIA

By Maurice Francis Egan

AS an historical document, this volume is priceless; as an illumination of Dr. Woodrow Wilson's psychology, it is scarcely so valuable though it has some value in that respect, too; as an apologia for Mr. Lansing's course during the Peace Conference, it is most enlightening.

No man who came in contact with Mr. Lansing during his tenure of office can think of him—if he thinks justly—without esteem and even affection. It hardly required the testimony of this volume to show that Mr. Lansing's principal defect was a lack of confidence in himself, of modesty in the presence of Mr. Wilson which almost amounted to humility, and a diffidence in his power of initiative; which is amazing in these times in a man whose natural talents, unusual training, and stimulating environment had prepared him to be an ideal Secretary of State.

After John Bassett Moore was relieved of his duties, much to the regret of every thoughtful man who had the interest of his country at heart, the regret and fear were somewhat subdued when Mr. Bryan logically disappeared and Mr. Lansing vaulted into the saddle. Notwithstanding the ideals and matchless eloquence of Mr. Bryan, he was a deplorable Secretary of State, and the country heaved a sigh of relief and uttered an exclamation of hope when Mr. Lansing took the reins. But during the days that followed those who had the greatest reason to expect most from Mr. Lansing—knowing him—were forced to give an unwilling assent to the *bon mot* of a very distinguished diner-out in Washington. The conversation had turned on the tendency of certain English families to spell their names one way and to pronounce them in another. "But," retorted one of the attachés of the British Embassy, now "recalled", "you have the same custom in the United States. Everybody spells the name of your Secretary of State *L-a-n-s-i-n-g*, and everybody pronounces it *House*."

Really, true democrats were delighted by the way in which President Wilson disregarded unwritten laws and fixed traditions. The sacred diplomatic protocol seemed in his eyes to amount to nothing. In fact, if there is a higher law for officials, Mr. Wilson became a most brilliant and audacious observer of this law; and the higher law evidently meant that the Secretary of State was to be only an echo of the opinions and decisions of the President himself. From this book, we gather that Mr. Lansing so fully believed in the official overlordship of the President that he felt he had no resource except to act in this capacity. The supposition of some of the reviewers that Mr. Lansing held his place, under a temptation to resign which few men could resist, because he merely wanted to hold office, is untenable. Mr. Lansing's frankness in his descriptions of his relations with the President is a sufficient answer to this, and his previous character ought to cause it to be rejected with indignation.

Mr. Lansing, in being summarily

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dismissed by the President, suffered no adversity. In fact, down to the period of his enforced resignation, he had been losing ground in the estimation of some of his best friends by what seemed to be an almost servile attitude to a President whose sheer strength of mind and firmness seemed to hypnotize him. Suddenly Mr. Wilson struck, and Mr. Lansing at once became a popular hero, for our ex-President, however great future history may name him, has never been noted for tact in his public actions. But tact was never a quality of eminent reformers. Savonarola and Martin Luther and John Brown and Napoleon Bonaparte—who made universal war in order that he might make universal peace—were not noted for tact; however, that is another story.

Mr. Lansing, then, owes Mr. Wilson a great debt of gratitude, for had it not been for the President's startling *coup*, Mr. Lansing would have had no opportunity to write this apologia or to explain why he permitted himself to be silent in circumstances under which no patriot could have been silent or supine without the best of reasons. Mr. Lansing gives these reasons—reasons which do credit to his power of self-sacrifice, to the qualities of his heart, rather than to his dignity or self-respect. He shows that in the hope of ending the war by the proclamation of peace, he was willing to stifle his sincerest convictions, to continue to hold a place which in ordinary circumstances he would have given up long before he was "delicately" frozen out, and to leave his motives and character to be misunderstood by those who had hitherto had most reason to admire him.

The following paragraph shows very clearly what Mr. Lansing's estimates of the constitutional power of the President and his duties were. He says, on page 6:

> Before beginning a recital of the relations existing between President Wilson and myself during the Paris Conference, I wish to state, and to emphasize the statement, that I was never for a moment unmindful that the Constitution of the United States confides to the President the absolute right of conducting the foreign relations of the Republic, and that it is the duty of a Commissioner to follow the President's instructions in the negotiation of a treaty. Many Americans, some of whom are national legislators and solicitous about the Constitution, seem to have ignored or to have forgotten this delegation of exclusive authority, with the result that they have condemned the President in intemperate language for exercising this executive right. As to the wisdom of the way in which Mr. Wilson exercised it in directing the negotiations at Paris individual opinions may differ, but as to the legality of his conduct there ought to be but one mind. From first to last he acted entirely within his constitutional powers as President of the United States.
>
> The duties of a diplomatic representative commissioned by the President and given full power to negotiate a treaty are, in addition to the formal carrying out of his instructions, two-fold, namely, to advise the President during the negotiation of his views as to the wise course to be adopted, and to prevent the President, in so far as possible, from taking any step in the proceedings which may impair the rights of his country or may be injurious to its interests. These duties, in my opinion, are equally imperative whether the President directs the negotiations through written instructions issuing from the White House or conducts them in person. For an American plenipotentiary to remain silent, and by his silence to give the impression that he approves a course of action which he in fact believes to be wrong in principle or contrary to good policy, constitutes a failure to perform his full duty to the President and to the country. It is his duty to speak and to speak frankly and plainly.

When President Wilson proposed to go abroad some of his best friends realized the danger of such a procedure, and some of the best friends of Mr. Lansing wondered why a man so versed in diplomatic usage, with a wide experience of the workings of the minds of foreign statesmen, should not have objected to it. In the first place, President Wilson was in the

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estimation of all Europe and the nations east of Europe, the ruler of a great nation. It was impossible for them to distinguish his character as a man from his tremendous position as a democratic monarch. He was the equal of kings; but when he put himself at the peace table as the peer of prime ministers and secretaries of state, he lost prestige at once and added to the difficulties of the negotiations. Mr. Lansing tells us that he had even a more cogent reason against the President's appearing at the peace table, which he made plain to the President himself; and this frankness on the part of the Secretary was the beginning of that rift in the lute which by and by made the accordant music mute. It became evident that the President was willing to play a duet with his Secretary, but he was unwilling to permit that Secretary to perform his own part; he must play in unison, or not play at all. Throughout all these intensely interesting pages, one finds that the Secretary of State and Peace Commissioner kept close to his idea of duty, which was to present his objections to the President's course, and then leave the mater to the President's will.

Whether we agree that Mr. Lansing's idea of his duty was a correct one or not, we must admit that he was thoroughly consistent. Pius VII at Fontainebleau, groaning under the domination of the first Napoleon, signing a Concordat which he believed carried him very close to the mouth of Purgatory, at least, was not more a martyr to duty as he conceived it than Mr. Lansing. This is a very serious book; but there is one humorous touch in it, and that is in the passage which describes how the President deprived his Commissioner of the power of making an important and seemingly essential movement by simply pigeon-holing Mr. Lansing's carefully prepared document. It may be possible that the President chuckled a little over this himself; but it is quite sure that Mr. Lansing, whose legal temperament stood very much in the way of his understanding of the President's character, did not hear the chuckle.

In this brief review, it is impossible to analyze or to point out some of the most important and unusually interesting passages. On the other hand, too much quotation might spoil the appetite of the reader for the book itself; and it is not only historically indispensable, but a very human document—the very attempt at self-control and gentlemanly reserve which Mr. Lansing makes causes it to be all the more delightfully human.

We learn that Mr. Bullitt's revelation was somewhat exaggerated, but that it was not far from expressing Mr. Lansing's real attitude toward the Covenant. It is very evident that the Secretary of State detested diplomatic secrecy, but that he regarded Mr. Bullitt's frankness with grief and horror. This incident has the effect on the old-fashioned diplomatic mind of forcing it back to its belief that diplomatic secrecy, within limits, is after all the better part of discretion.

Mr. Lansing held that no Treaty of Peace could be effective—if wars were to be avoided, and those ideals upheld for which President Wilson stood so staunchly—unless the three doctrines of "hands off", "the open door", and "publicity" were to be incorporated into the treaty. Mr. Lansing tells us that, in his opinion, the President gradually gave up his highest ideals, under European pressure; and that there was scarcely a step in this retrogression against which the Secretary

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of State and the Peace Commissioner did not protest, sometimes mildly, but always earnestly.

It seems from the testimony of this volume that the President did recede and make concessions from the essence of the Fourteen Points; but it must be admitted that Mr. Lansing made, in principle, very great concessions to the President; and reluctantly we are almost forced to believe that Mr. Lansing sometimes held that the end justified the means. On every point, however, it is plain that Mr. Lansing always *thought* right, and that he looked on every concession of President Wilson to Lloyd George or Clémenceau as a step toward the creation of an Allied autocracy. The world, however, would never have known the real views of Mr. Lansing, if the famous letter of the President had not forced him to explain the reason for his silence.

Miss Agnes Repplier, the first American essayist, once gave a list of the good books that "hindered" her. The unimaginative might put this volume among them. If one takes its statements literally, one might conclude that that very clever and cynical German diplomatist, Count Brockdorff-Rantzau, acted in the interest of the world when he haughtily refused to sign the terms offered by the Allies, if they included the interpretation of the clauses of the League of Nations which Mr. Lansing puts upon them! But no exponent of popular opinion today would acclaim the audacious Count Rantzau as a disciple of that democracy which Mr. Lansing seems to think Dr. Wilson outraged at almost every step in the progress of the negotiations in France!

The Peace Negotiations, A Personal Narrative. By Robert Lansing. Houghton Mifflin Co.

AN ENGLISHMAN TURNS AN AMERICAN TRICK

By Maxwell Struthers Burt

AS a rule Englishmen do not write short stories. As a rule when they do, the reader, if he or she be an American short story writer, is both elated and depressed by the result—elated as a spectator, depressed as an American.

It does not seem quite fair that a nation professing not to do a thing should do it none the less with such ease, such distinction, and such intuition—for in many cases it can hardly be more than that—of a difficult art. You have the impression as always of a thick background, of a sense of values achieved not by any formal training but assimilated by passage through a life where an appreciation of values is as constant and unconscious as the drawing in and letting out of breath. In contradistinction to this one remembers the heart-rending self-education through which every American, no matter what his accidental opportunities may be, has to put himself before he possesses the slightest intimacy with his profession, no matter what that profession is. America is cluttered with false starts; each new generation makes its own. Yet in the very lack of facility of the American and in the inevitable gaps in his training and knowledge, there lies a hope.

Take Mr. Nevinson as an example of the brilliant Englishman. He is not a short story writer; he is a war correspondent, a journalist, and, if anything in imaginative literature, an essayist. Yet in this last book of stories, "Original Sinners", his fourth similar collection,—written, as one must imagine, and as he himself says

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in the introduction, at intervals in a very busy life,—he shows a complete, almost amused virtuosity. It is that delightful completeness, the English amateur spirit at its best—the ability to do almost any accidental, suddenly turning-up job charmingly and, in a certain sense (the one of form perhaps more than anything else), better than any other people save the French. The English appreciate with extraordinary clarity the fact that a straight line is the shortest distance between two points. This has conquered the world. It remains to be seen whether it can keep it conquered now that other, more turgid, more restless and less complacent peoples are abroad.

Like a good many other English short stories, Mr. Nevinson's give the reader none of the shirt-sleeved feeling received from the bemused Russian and the equally bemused (though he will never admit it), aspiring, and—not to make a bad assonance—perspiring American. Not that short stories should primarily have anything to do with shirt sleeves. (Heaven forbid! We in this country especially suffer from that theory.) As a rule the best stories don't. They may even deal with kings, but the reader should have always the uneasy sense, the Gallic sense—the French never overlook this fact—that under the coronation robe lies the wrinkled unplacidity of a union suit. The American does one of two things. Either he deliberately shuts his eyes to the union suit and turns to our well-known "chocolate sundae" school, or he becomes enchanted with the union suit and writes what the London "Times" calls "another serious, well-intentioned American novel". But in either case, no matter how discouraging the immediate fruits may be, there is dissatisfaction—suppressed or spoken; in either case there is for those who wish to discern it, an edge.

I am well aware that all this may seem to those who read Mr. Nevinson's stories—and I hope there will be many who do—the most absurd of paradoxes; for here is a man who is nothing if not sardonic, consistently cynical, smiling knowingly at the absurd pretensions of emperors and statesmen, and humanity as a whole. Indeed the central idea of the whole book is the by no means gentle one that far from expecting virtue we should be overwhelmed with joy when its seldom-seen apparition flits across the dark stage of life. But, as is the case with so many English stories, one has the impression that the author himself is too remote, a little too cool; a little too aware that he himself is an English gentleman and so by some mystic infallibility removed from the temptations under which his characters labor.

There is Nero, in "Qualis Artifex", mad, debauched, who yet suffers the torments of an artist and exhibits the insane courage of that unfortunate species. There is Diocletian in self-imposed exile, a fine, mistaken, unwittingly cruel man. There is Clarkson, the rising politician, who sees his own hidden life acted before him on the stage; and, above all, Pongo, the intelligent ape, who attempts to live like a man and so ends by becoming a drunkard. These stories are very beautiful, very sad, very disillusioned; and yet in all of them, curiously enough, the only character who wrings your heart is Pongo the ape, save possibly the woman in "A Transformation Scene". Read them and see for yourself. Perhaps I am too fond of apes.

Original Sinners. By Henry W. Nevinson. B. W. Huebsch.

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ILLUSTRATION THEN AND NOW

By Frank Weitenkampf

JO" PENNELL has issued a new edition of his "Pen Drawing". A record of past performances in a medium which has ever been attractive to the artist, peppered with outcries against the parlous state of the art today. A piece of reminiscential writing which recalls the fact that once upon a time we had a group of American pen artists, illustrators of books and magazines, whose work was noteworthy, and in more than one case distinguished.

In the eighteen-eighties and nineties we had E. A. Abbey, whose line was lightly caressing and ingratiating; C. S. Reinhart, who contrasted by forceful directness; Robert Blum, brilliantly Fortuny-like; Alfred Brennan, master of the pen, and of an insinuating whimsicality; R. Birch, who combined charm and sweetness with artistic sense. And yet more: A. B. Frost, H. F. Farny, Harry Fenn, Howard Pyle, Wyatt Eaton, G. W. Edwards, F. H. Lungren, C. Graham, E. W. Kemble, Henry McCarter, H. D. Nichols; those still-life specialists O. H. Bacher and W. H. Drake—and Pennell himself. Perhaps the memory of those times helps to increase our author's pessimism regarding the present and the future. Yet, if he witnesses a receding wave, we may optimistically hope for an incoming roller. At all events, C. D. Gibson, Birch, and others are still true to their old love, the pen. W. J. Duncan swears by it and writes of it. And there are Flagg, Lowell, F. Richardson, Franklin Booth, the last one extraordinarily clever in imitating wood engraving (why not let pen and ink rest on its own worth?). Furthermore, in a recent announcement of change in editorship of a well-known magazine, it was stated that the illustrations would henceforth be entirely in pen and ink. The medium is used, too, and often well used, in advertising, a field in which our art quite naturally is beginning to find significant expression. And abroad? It is noteworthy that in the special number of "The Studio" for 1914, on "Modern Book Illustrators" (limited to British work), an exceedingly small proportion of the drawings reproduced was in wash, all the rest in line. And of the latter, a great majority was in pen and ink.

No, the art is not quite dead yet. If the critic with the highest standards may fail to find artists of the very best type to measure up to those of other days, is not that a complaint uttered

Phil May's Old Parson

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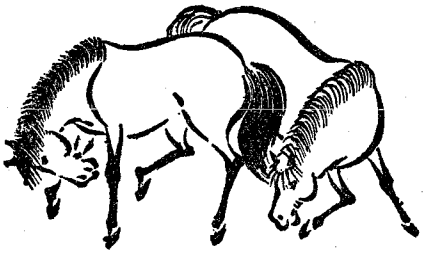
as well in regard to other specialties in art and literature? May there not be here, too, that rise in the level of general attainment, rather than the outstanding individual? Here's chance for speculation.

Pen and ink is truly an "exacting art". In our book illustration, the



A Japanese Drawing

half-tone is, indeed, responsible for the possibility of wash work which exemplifies the fact that here the artist need not necessarily produce as definite rendition of form as in the days when the drawing had to be put on the wood block with pen or pencil. But was there not also much poor pen drawing in the old days? Naturally, it is the best that has lived, and the surviving best, in such a case, is apt to shed its glamour over all of the "good old days".

In certain kinds of newspaper and magazine illustration there has been in recent years a tendency toward the crayon, with a background reminiscence of Daumier and the lithographic process. "The chalk is easier than the pen," says our author. He has used them both and ought to know. True, this is the time of the "easy way", and it may indeed be that the soft, creamy indistinctness of which the pliable crayon is capable may have attracted some artists more than the pen, with its line of trenchant definiteness, be it ever so fine, which imposes definiteness on him who uses it. And yet, after all—is any art "easy"? The crayon drawing done as an "easy proposition" will betray the weakness of its origin. As to comparative "pliability",—the pen is much less obviously flexible than the crayon. But just turn over the pages of this book of Pennell's, and see how the firm, clean-cut pen stroke may move in the most precise and rigid lines or the airiest curves; in massive heaviness or with a lightly caressing, modeling touch; closely drawn into tones or in the lightest outlines; in conventionalized cross-hatchings that show a satisfaction in clean line production, and in an untrammeled mingling of lines lost in a general effect of tone. A wonderful gamut of most varied possibilities. Another illustration of the old truth that the master will ever do his part within the limits of his medium, will find his opportunities within the same limits which the incompetent feels as a restriction.

Into such paths and bypaths of the subject one is led quite naturally by the stimulus of the illustrations in this book. Illustrations "not printed on the shiny, coated paper deemed necessary in the United States", says the preface, and well selected—although one may profitably exercise one's prerogative by occasionally substituting a personal choice. Quite conceivably will that be exercised, especially, perhaps, in the case of contemporary articles, for one hears not a little criticism of the book on the score of omission. However, it is still in the numerous illustrations, presenting nearly 250 artistic personalities, with pithy comments by the author, that the student and artist (in any field) will find the greatest value of this book, in connection with the chapters on technique. Rightly used,

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these pictures (including studies by painters as well as drawings distinctly made for reproduction) are a veritable mine of information, suggestion, and inspiration. Subject, of course, to the old truth, emphasized again by Mr. Pennell, that we are living in the present, with its opportunities, needs, desires, ideas, and ideals, and that dull copying of the past won't do, though we profit by its achievements.

In the present age of photomechanical processes, we have facilities for reproducing pen drawings with a speed, and an ease in facsimile rendering of delicate effects or the freest cross-hatching, either impossible to the wood engraver of old, or attainable only by long toil. It is with these processes in view that Pennell writes. He writes, too, with an ever-present appreciation of the close connection between line drawing and printing type in book decoration. This necessary insistence on the essential harmony between the type page and the illustration or decoration, so that a book forms a well-planned entity, brings the present volume to the notice of the lover of well-made books. For the general reader, again, there is in these pictures presented by Pennell a rich store of literary association and reminiscence, incidental but none the less effective.

As for the rest, what if the author at times may irritate, or if there be occasionally looseness of statement, or if the reiterated railings at conditions today seem to scatter into querulousness a force which one might prefer delivered with a few strong blows? All of this may be eliminated and yet leave the main purpose and usefulness of the book untouched.

Pen Drawing and Pen Draughtsmen. By Joseph Pennell. The Macmillan Co.

HELP FOR THE SCENARIO WRITER

By John C. Brownell

THERE are hundreds of books on the art of sailing boats, but never a sailor has been made by any of them. Practical experience, the old salt will tell you, is the only real teacher. The old salt is perfectly right, but the young sailor may learn many valuable things from the careful reading of books on sailing that are written by men who love the great sport and who earnestly desire that the amateur may profit by their experience.

Many volumes have been written on the art of play building. They have undoubtedly helped the eager student thirsting for technical knowledge of his chosen craft, but I do not believe that a successful playwright exists who would care to state that through the reading of books he or she gained sufficient skill to turn out a successful play. Nearly all of them have learned their art in the theatre and in constant study of human nature.

Within the last few years a great army of would-be writers has been flooding the motion picture studios with photoplays. In the hope that at least one out of every hundred received may contain a new, practical, and cleverly developed idea, every studio maintains a corps of expert readers who are instructed to give careful consideration to every manuscript received through the mails. If but one out of a hundred read proves available, the time and money spent is considered a profitable investment, for the demand for good stories is greater than the supply.

Nine-tenths of the amateur scenario writers of today have studied books on the subject. Technically, a great

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many of the scenarios received show careful study. But most of them lack inspiration and originality. The writers have failed to make living, breathing human beings of their characters. In "Scenario Writing Today", the latest and one of the best books on the subject, Grace Lytton says: "If you can't take your characters to your heart and make living creatures of them, they will not strike the note of sympathy when they come to stand before your public."

Miss Lytton's book contains real inspiration for the amateur writers. It is more than a practical guide, and all writers both amateur and professional may profit by a reading of it.

Scenario Writing Today. By Grace Lytton. Houghton Mifflin Co.

POLITE SATIRE AT ITS BEST

By James L. Ford

THE reviewer of experience knows how to distinguish between authors who make him laugh *with* them and those *at* whom he laughs because of their ignorance, or presumption, or both. There are also those who are so dull and commonplace that the perfunctory commendation accorded to them by ancient custom is written between yawns. But once in a decade there appears a volume of satire so fine that it arouses the reviewer's envy and makes him curse the author for writing it and himself for not having written it. I confess that I have found in that inexcusable envy the unfailing acid test of the highest merit; and, paradoxical as it may seem, the heartiest praise that I have ever bestowed has been prompted by the meanest jealousy.

Not until I read "Queen Lucia" did I realize how much of this detestable quality lay hidden in my nature; it was only by resolutely trampling it down that I could bring myself to the point of recommending the story to my friends. This generous act quickly brought its own reward, for I learned to my great delight that the book was not widely known, though those who had read it at my advice thanked me for the delightful entertainment I had afforded them. Then the nobler instincts that underlie my meaner qualities came bubbling up into my breast, and I asked the editor of THE BOOKMAN to allow me to write what I honestly think of this, the best of E. F. Benson's works.

Bret Harte's mining-camp world of sentimental gamblers and noble-hearted scoundrels was the creation of his own imagination, fashioned with such sympathy—no less effective because misplaced—that we accepted as true a portrayal that the dwellers in Roaring Camp and Poker Flat would have laughed at. Mr. Benson has given us a world in which no trace of his own handiwork is visible; a world created by its own inhabitants and one calculated to excite the mirth of everyone except themselves. Satire can attain no greater height than this.

"Queen Lucia" is a comedy of sham culture, and its pages are brightened by the logical exposures of the various forms of bluff and pretense in which that culture finds ready expression. The scenes are laid in a fake Elizabethan village called Riseholme, that might have been suggested by England's Broadway, where have dwelt Frank Millet, E. A. Abbey, and Mary Anderson Navarro; but Riseholme contains no such talent as theirs. With its sham seventeenth century doors and windows and Shake-

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spearian flower beds, it affords a fitting background to a community of unconscious fakes.

The dominant figure of this delightful comedy of artificiality, is Lucia, the wife of Philip Lucas, a poetaster with "a firm grasp on the obvious". The harmless ascetic yearnings with which Philip and his wife entered upon the wedded state have long since hardened into a pose so durable that now they have ceased even to try to shake it off. They have a meagre stock of Italian words, about twenty in number (not twenty apiece —the same twenty serves both), from which lexicon they draw such terms as *mio caro* and *mia cara;* and by the deft use of these they contrive to maintain the illusion of linguistic proficiency. When the weather permits the opening of the windows, the music of the first movement of Beethoven's "Moonlight Sonata" greets the ears of the passers-by—but only that of the first movement, for Lucia knows well that the succeeding ones are too difficult.

Posing and the interchange of silly gossip are the principal industries of the group of sublimely unconscious shams in which Lucia reigns an uncrowned queen, her sovereignty acknowledged by all. Even her husband, busy with his thin books of dreary verse, and "Georgie", occupied with embroidery and the careful nurture of what is left of his hair, fail to see through her. Only two characters in the community are not poseurs, and one of them is exceedingly well drawn.

Not once does the high plane of comedy that distinguishes Mr. Benson's opening pages descend to the lower levels of broad farce. He has not found it necessary to vulgarize his characters or make their innocent pretenses too obviously absurd in order to provide amusement for intellectual groundlings. He leads us into the heart of a polite society peopled with low-voiced and well-bred men and women who are guiltless of any offense against manners or the King's English.

Be it understood that in commending "Queen Lucia" to everybody sufficiently well bred, well read, and intelligent to enjoy the most brilliant piece of polite satirical comedy offered to the American public in many a long year, I am not addressing myself to that numerous class which guffaws over such hoary personal catastrophes as the putting up of the stovepipe or the slipping on a banana peel and then goes about prating of its "saving sense of humor". Its appeal is largely to the cultivated minds, and I commend it specially to the sex falsely declared to be devoid of all sense of humor. There are few women living who have not a keen eye for the foibles and pretensions of other women, and I predict that everyone of these will find genuine enjoyment in Mr. Benson's masterpiece.

Queen Lucia. By E. F. Benson. George H. Doran Company.

ELFIN AND CHILD

By J. V. A. Weaver

IF you were walking through some delightful shady wood, and of a sudden an elf popped out from behind a bush and commenced talking poetry to you, I imagine his conversation would sound very much like what Alfred Kreymborg writes. Mr. Barrie would undoubtedly find fault with my classification. But into the category marked "elfin" in my mind, Mr.

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Kreymborg and his work fit without a jar. There is about his personality a quality of witty unreality, of supernatural jollity, if you will. And his writings are always authentic manifestations of that personality. In a number of words, he is dazzlingly nimble, adroit, playful, dainty. At the same time, after he has led you into one of his intricate, delicate verbal labyrinths, he always places in your hand a gossamer guide-thread; and if you follow that guide carefully, you find at the end never a Minotaur, but a Truth that is often beautiful, strong —cosmic.

True enough, you can become greatly annoyed at Kreymborg; for sometimes the pattern of passages is too complex, the fellow seems to have conceived his plan with his mind too much a-caper, and the reward at the end is not quite worth the tortuous journey. But that is the prerogative of an elf, I am sure. And because in one case out of three you are conscious of a distinct pleasure, you must admit that Kreymborg's verses are very much worth the reading.

"Blood of Things", to abandon generalities, is the best possible example of what an elf can do. In it he has written about everything that his eye has caught, from waterfalls to cigar butts, from katydids and Indian summer to geometry and weighing machines. As he says in "Déréglé",

> In my mind,
> Such as it is,
> Bassoons hobnob with pelicans.

It is all quite what you would expect of an elf—he tells you about anything and everything; his "slants" are invariably novel, sometimes outlandish, never banal. A very musical elf he is, and this is important; for while his verse is always "free" (in the broad sense of the word), it sings itself exquisitely.

There's just this about "Blood of Things"—it must be taken (to employ an admittedly far-fetched figure) in broken doses. To read the entire book at a single sitting would pall and appall. I recommend reading it in snatches of say, twenty pages a day.

Examine this poem:

PUDDLE

If your feather's gone crooked in the wind, try me:
I'm the mirror, lass, you couldn't take along!
If the city's made you lose, lad, your lake in the woods,
I'm the pool—wade in!—you didn't leave behind!
If your legs have softened muscles from living in a house:
Take a jump across my breast! It's water you need now!
If you've stumbled on the habit of staring at the ground:
Pay me the fare of a glance, and I'll ride you to the sky!

To employ the Kreymborg method, and leap to another point of view without warning, I ask you to regard this troubadour-elf as this puddle he describes. In very many cases he can do for you what he says the puddle can do. And (in the case of "Blood of Things"), in at least one try out of three, "pay him the fare of a glance, and he'll ride you to the sky".

I have always thought of the word *virile* when I thought of Lola Ridge. "The Ghetto", except for a feminine touch here and there, is decidedly masculine. And I was totally unprepared for the wistfulness, the insight and tenderness that pervades the title-section of Miss Ridge's latest book. It is like the unexpected scent of some delicate flower, suddenly apparent detached from the strong, pungent earth smell at spring-plowing time.

The author has divided her book into seven sections; but for me there

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are only two—the part entitled "Sun-Up" and the remainder. This first part is a study of early childhood. In a vague, shadowy way, the beginning of "Mary Olivier" is like it. But Miss Ridge's work is much cleaner cut, it is much more profound in psychology; in some thirty pages a complete picture is given of the soul, not alone of this particular child, but of childhood itself. You see that plastic, unformed psyche in the very process of receiving its first crucial formation-strokes. You watch the world-chisel working.

Do not think, however, that these poems are some sort of Freudian or Hall-esque excerpts from textbooks. Authentic, accurate, and startling as these glimpses into the child-mind may be, the treatment is exquisitely poetic. The child's quaint reactions to stimuli, its world of make-believe, the imperfect emulsion of animality and spirituality are there; and with inspiration and deftness of expression, Miss Ridge has made very beautiful poems.

The remainder of the book is, of course, made up of unrelated pieces. The note of virility is very strong indeed. But where formerly it jarred at times by its incongruity, in these poems it is almost never objectionable. And the verse is very musical—I feel that Miss Ridge is one of the few who know how to use vers libre. Her figures have amazing freshness and crispness.

To my mind, "Sun-Up" establishes Lola Ridge among the very best of America's women poets.

Blood of Things. By Alfred Kreymborg. Nicholas L. Brown.
Sun-Up. By Lola Ridge. B. W. Huebsch.

BRIEF REVIEWS OF RECENT BOOKS

If you wish for thrills, if you desire creepy sensations, you may find satisfaction in "The Grey Room" by Eden Phillpotts (Macmillan). Here again is the "haunted room", and all the familiar paraphernalia of the carefully contrived mystery story—crimes that occur without apparent explanation; the intimation of the presence of ghosts or of evil spirits; investigations by detectives and their frustration. Every once in a while, by way of maintaining the suspense, a new character is mysteriously struck dead. The ultimate explanation is simple enough; and the story is conceived so ingenuously that one is quite ready to accept that explanation. "The Grey Room" is not the type of book one would read to extend his education or broaden his knowledge of life; but as a source of terror and entertainment it is undoubtedly successful.

Minstrel poetry is rare today, but it may be found, with all its essential qualities, in Robert Haven Schauffler's "The White Comrade" (Houghton Mifflin). Rhythm, metre, and rhyme supply the music itself, and are varied to fit the widely different but rather typical subjects: war, faith, patriotism, love. Mr. Schauffler uses a minstrel's narrative style, rich and glamourous. Even when telling of his most personal moods he maintains the minstrel's place, and remains aloof enough to sing objectively.

The faults of this sort of poetry are diffuseness and lack of focus, since the

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musical undercurrent tends to spread the thought too thin in places. One craves at times greater compactness—more edge. But the good qualities of minstrelsy are everywhere present, and the volume will please particularly those who are tired of over-subjective poetry, and who enjoy graceful and well-wrought forms from which music is never absent.

"...I met Mustard Prophet in front of the Hen-Scratch saloon in Dirty Six. We picked up Popsy Spout at Shin Bone's hot-cat stand in Hell's Half-Acre!" Thus Org and Little Bit, "Cap'n Kerley Kerlerac's white nigger", in the first story in "Further E. K. Means" (Putnam), as happy a combination of boys as man has devised. And if toward the crisis the Hallelujah Hams, pistols, alligators, and molasses become bewilderingly involved, it is that the "Angry Saxum" imagination of Mr. Means has assumed African proportions. Skeeter Butts, Dazzle Zenor, the Reverend Vinegar Atts—here are old friends, and some new ones. A pleasant book, full of delightful insight into "the inside reactions of cullud pussons!"

Numerous photographs accompany "California Trails" (Macmillan), the narrative of a trip from San Diego up the Pacific coast to San Francisco, along the El Camino Real with its twenty-one missions, largely in ruin, but still picturesque and historically interesting as the work of the Spanish Franciscans. The El Camino Real, the road which Junipero Serra planned to pass by each of the missions, is now well paved, and the donkeys of the eighteenth century have given place to automobiles. Trowbridge Hall's book tells the history of each mission, and describes the beauties of the changing scene, the never far off ocean, the warm valleys, the rolling hills.

"World Without End" by Grant Overton (Doubleday) is interesting chiefly because of its strikingly accurate descriptions of Old Long Island and its people. Without this obvious truthfulness the book would not be convincing, for the plot, stripped of its setting, follows a time-worn pattern. There is a murder and a mock marriage and a foundling asylum, with the usual finding of long-lost relatives that such organizations always cause —in fiction—, and the mysterious doings of a burly sea captain. These are ingredients of a dish for which familiarity has long ago bred contempt. But so appetizingly has Mr. Overton made their receptacle, so charmingly has he set the table, that the dish is not only palatable—it is really quite wholesome.

A peculiar fascination attaches to the figure of Poe, for whether or not one be a lover of his works, one cannot but be interested in his uncanny genius. In "Poe—How to Know Him" by C. Alphonso Smith (Bobbs-Merrill) we have a detailed and informative discussion of Poe the man, of Poe the teller of tales, the poet, and the critic. Professor Smith lays particular stress upon the influence of Poe in European as well as American literature, and shows that as a world author he has attained a position equaled by few if any Americans. The work of Poe as a critic is emphasized somewhat more than his better-known work as a creative artist, but perhaps this is because, as Professor Smith points out, his critical writings are greater in volume. The book on the whole is both thoroughgoing and illuminating.

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One cannot help wishing, though, that the author had devoted a little more attention to biographical detail.

William Ellery Leonard's "The Lynching Bee and Other Poems" (Huebsch) has no kinship with that poetry which, as Keats sang, prepares a pleasant bower and a sweet sleep. By design it is packed with all unloveliness, and its lurid panorama of hate unloosing itself in lynching bee or court or war, and poisoning victor while it destroys vanquished, is gall not wine, and a goad rather than an opiate. The beauty—and there is beauty—which shines from between the lines is purely the light of the author's passionate protest against the world's wrongs, for the matter is an inferno of blood and hate. One might discuss the author's technique of irregular rhymed verse with rhythms often borrowed from Vachel Lindsay, but it is obviously not with technique that he was most concerned. Those who know him as the translator of Empedocles and Lucretius may complain that he has resigned the lyre for the soap box, but criticism has no right to cavil at an artist's purpose. He is a humanitarian and a pacifist and obviously aspires to fill the rôle of poet, not as minstrel but as prophet. Though he will inevitably be judged somewhat according to the reader's convictions, there is no denying the terrible sincerity of his lines. A few verses from one of his most quiet passages will illustrate his temper and his style:

No League of Peace (though that awhile might save,
If one same law upon each capitol,
Upon each arch and architrave,
Were clearly, deeply carved),
No League nor Law will do:
But those despised few
In every land who did refuse each call—
The dungeon-chained, the dungeon-starved—
Must be the prophets of the New
Until the few are all.

The choice of title for "The White Moth" by Ruth Murray Underhill (Moffat, Yard) is unfortunate: the young man pursues the line of least resistance rather than the Gipsy Trail. But he comes back at last to the town of his boyhood, and learns to work and to win the girl who waits for him. It is a simple story, told with a very nice touch.

These "Plays for Merry Andrews" (Sunwise Turn), in so-called "rhythmic vein", offer diverse subject matter ranging from political satire to the age-old subject of woman's revolt against man and her inevitable capitulation. Alfred Kreymborg seeks to attain atmosphere through a rather artificial manipulation of words and phrases somewhat in the vein of Dreiser's spirit plays. We doubt if he may be considered entirely successful, though occasionally his method tells, notably in "Monday". This, on the sex-war, shows humor, a certain power of succinct characterization, and a knowledge of human nature. We wish we could say as much for the more ambitious piece, "The Silent Waiter", which seemed to us unpleasantly banal. The announcement of the publishers bears Gordon Craig's endorsement, and it may be that several of the plays will find their way to the boards of "little theatres". On the whole we prefer honest prose, though the experiment is interesting.

Inasmuch as the success or failure of a democracy depends upon the character of its personnel, Alleyne Ireland devotes considerable space in "Democracy and the Human Equation" (Dutton) to the discussion of heredity and

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environment. His argument for more careful attention to eugenics is, however, but one feature of a work which emphasizes the perils threatening our system of representative government. Mr. Ireland severely condemns the steps which have been taken toward a direct democracy—the primary, the popular election of senators, the initiative, the recall, and the referendum—and pleads for a scientific study of comparative government. He divides the American people into two classes, realists and rhapsodists, the former dealing with facts, however disagreeable, the latter hiding themselves like ostriches in the sands of optimism. The book is more critical than judicial, presenting only the pessimistic side; but the conditions which are portrayed undoubtedly exist and merit serious consideration. The dominant idea is concisely presented in the concluding paragraph:

> If Representative Government is not to be re-established, if the elective franchise is to be left as it is, if administrative technique is to remain at its present level, it is difficult to see how any substantial improvement can be effected in the political and social conditions of the country through the employment of Constitutional means. But if substantial improvement does not take place, nothing is more certain than this: that what the people will be called upon to undertake will not be a serious effort to reform their Government, but a desperate fight to preserve it.

"That's Baffin Bay! We've made the Northwest Passage"—and found winter quarters in Greenland. With nearly all the crew gone, the "Ice Pilot" had steered the ship through the ice.

Henry Leverage resembles Jack London in knowledge of the sea and vivid descriptive power. "The Ice Pilot" (Doubleday) tells of whaling in icy water, of mutinies, of flight from a revenue cutter, of the hero's love for the only girl on board the ship.

"Whispering Wires" and "The Shepherd of the Sea" are by the same author.

The west doesn't want to be civilized. It wants to keep its old romance,—to ride trail, play poker, joke and shoot to kill, all in a thunderous rhythm and with a gay heart, responsive to all it perceives. In Arthur Chapman's poems of an Arizona town plenty of shots are fired, plenty of blood is spilled, but none of it sordidly, for the only thing the town hates is the creeping insidious east. Civilization is sent back, good-humoredly, to where it belongs, if it cannot match with equal courage the rough nobility of life in the cattle lands. The author of "Cactus Centre" (Houghton Mifflin) is at his best in the more interpretative and less narrative poems, for he knows the country well, and can make even a mere easterner understand it when he does not paint it over too thickly with local color.

Spending a year in a foreign land, keeping a notebook, and recording all sorts of ideas and incidents, may be productive of an interesting book. John Varney, an American Y. M. C. A. secretary who stayed in Russia for a year (1918-19) and tried it, has evolved in "Sketches of Soviet Russia" (Nicholas L. Brown) an interlarded volume of politics, travel, fiction, autobiography, drama, and verse. The word *interesting* is stressed because Mr. Varney, by not having weighed his material nor sifted it carefully, fails to be so. Diligent searchers will find a worthwhile fact or two.

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EFFIGY OF A NUN

(Sixteenth Century)

By Sara Teasdale

INFINITE gentleness, infinite irony
  Are in this face with fast-sealed eyes,
And round this mouth that learned in loneliness
  How useless their wisdom is to the wise.

In her nun's habit carved, carefully, lovingly,
  By one who knew the ways of womenkind,
This woman's face still keeps in its cold wistful calm,
  All of the subtle pride of her mind.

These pale curved lips of hers holding their hidden smile,
  Show she had weighed the world; her will was set;
These long patrician hands clasping the crucifix
  Once having made their choice, had no regret.

She was of those who hoard their own thoughts lovingly,
  Feeling them far too dear to give away,
Content to look at life with the high insolent
  Air of an audience watching a play.

If she was curious, if she was passionate,
  She must have told herself that love was great,
But that the lacking it might be as great a thing
  If she held fast to it, challenging fate.

She who so loved herself and her own warring thoughts,
  Watching their humorous, tragic rebound,
In her thick habit's fold, sleeping, sleeping,
  Is she amused at dreams she has found?

Infinite tenderness, infinite irony,
  Hidden forever in her closed eyes,
That must have learned too well in their long loneliness
  How empty their wisdom is even to the wise.

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FICTION IN DEMAND AT PUBLIC LIBRARIES

COMPILED BY FRANK PARKER STOCKBRIDGE IN COOPERATION WITH THE AMERICAN LIBRARY ASSOCIATION

The following lists of books in demand in March in the public libraries in the United States have been compiled from reports made by two hundred representative libraries, in every section of the country and in cities of all sizes down to ten thousand population. The order of choice is as stated by the librarians.

NEW YORK AND NEW ENGLAND STATES

1. Main Street	*Sinclair Lewis*	HARCOURT
2. The Mysterious Rider	*Zane Grey*	HARPER
3. The Age of Innocence	*Edith Wharton*	APPLETON
4. The Trumpeter Swan	*Temple Bailey*	PENN
5. Potterism	*Rose Macaulay*	BONI
6. The Valley of Silent Men	*James Oliver Curwood*	COSMOPOLITAN

SOUTH ATLANTIC STATES

1. Main Street	*Sinclair Lewis*	HARCOURT
2. The Mysterious Rider	*Zane Grey*	HARPER
3. The Age of Innocence	*Edith Wharton*	APPLETON
4. Potterism	*Rose Macaulay*	BONI
5. The Purple Heights	*Marie Conway Oemler*	CENTURY
6. The Sisters-in-Law	*Gertrude Atherton*	STOKES

NORTH CENTRAL STATES

1. Main Street	*Sinclair Lewis*	HARCOURT
2. The Age of Innocence	*Edith Wharton*	APPLETON
3. Moon-Calf	*Floyd Dell*	KNOPF
4. The Mysterious Rider	*Zane Grey*	HARPER
5. Potterism	*Rose Macaulay*	BONI
6. The Purple Heights	*Marie Conway Oemler*	CENTURY

SOUTH CENTRAL STATES

1. Main Street	*Sinclair Lewis*	HARCOURT
2. The Age of Innocence	*Edith Wharton*	APPLETON
3. The Mysterious Rider	*Zane Grey*	HARPER
4. The Top of the World	*Ethel M. Dell*	PUTNAM
5. The Valley of Silent Men	*James Oliver Curwood*	COSMOPOLITAN
6. Potterism	*Rose Macaulay*	BONI

WESTERN STATES

1. Main Street	*Sinclair Lewis*	HARCOURT
2. The Mysterious Rider	*Zane Grey*	HARPER
3. The Sisters-in-Law	*Gertrude Atherton*	STOKES
4. The Age of Innocence	*Edith Wharton*	APPLETON
5. Harriet and the Piper	*Kathleen Norris*	DOUBLEDAY
6. Miss Lulu Bett	*Zona Gale*	APPLETON

FOR THE WHOLE UNITED STATES

1. Main Street	*Sinclair Lewis*	HARCOURT
2. The Age of Innocence	*Edith Wharton*	APPLETON
3. The Mysterious Rider	*Zane Grey*	HARPER
4. Moon-Calf	*Floyd Dell*	KNOPF
5. Potterism	*Rose Macaulay*	BONI
6. The Sisters-in-Law	*Gertrude Atherton*	STOKES

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GENERAL BOOKS IN DEMAND AT PUBLIC LIBRARIES

COMPILED BY FRANK PARKER STOCKBRIDGE IN COOPERATION WITH THE AMERICAN LIBRARY ASSOCIATION

The titles have been scored by the simple process of giving each a credit of six for each time it appears as first choice, and so down to a score of one for each time it appears in sixth place. The total score for each section and for the whole country determines the order of choice in the table herewith.

NEW YORK AND NEW ENGLAND STATES

1.	Margot Asquith: An Autobiography	*Margot Asquith*	DORAN
2.	The Outline of History	*H. G. Wells*	MACMILLAN
3.	Now It Can Be Told	*Philip Gibbs*	HARPER
4.	Roaming Through the West Indies	*Harry A. Franck*	CENTURY
5.	The Americanization of Edward Bok	*Edward Bok*	SCRIBNER
6.	White Shadows in the South Seas	*Frederick O'Brien*	CENTURY

SOUTH ATLANTIC STATES

1.	Margot Asquith: An Autobiography	*Margot Asquith*	DORAN
2.	The Americanization of Edward Bok	*Edward Bok*	SCRIBNER
3.	The Outline of History	*H. G. Wells*	MACMILLAN
4.	White Shadows in the South Seas	*Frederick O'Brien*	CENTURY
5.	Tahiti Days	*Hector MacQuarrie*	DORAN
6.	Crowding Memories	*Mrs. Thomas Bailey Aldrich*	HOUGHTON

NORTH CENTRAL STATES

1.	The Outline of History	*H. G. Wells*	MACMILLAN
2.	Margot Asquith: An Autobiography	*Margot Asquith*	DORAN
3.	White Shadows in the South Seas	*Frederick O'Brien*	CENTURY
4.	Roaming Through the West Indies	*Harry A. Franck*	CENTURY
5.	The Americanization of Edward Bok	*Edward Bok*	SCRIBNER
6.	Steeplejack	*James Huneker*	SCRIBNER

SOUTH CENTRAL STATES

1.	The Outline of History	*H. G. Wells*	MACMILLAN
2.	Margot Asquith: An Autobiography	*Margot Asquith*	DORAN
3.	White Shadows in the South Seas	*Frederick O'Brien*	CENTURY
4.	Memoirs of the Empress Eugénie	*Comte Fleury*	APPLETON
5.	The Americanization of Edward Bok	*Edward Bok*	SCRIBNER
6.	Now It Can Be Told	*Philip Gibbs*	HARPER

WESTERN STATES

1.	The Outline of History	*H. G. Wells*	MACMILLAN
2.	Margot Asquith: An Autobiography	*Margot Asquith*	DORAN
3.	The Americanization of Edward Bok	*Edward Bok*	SCRIBNER
4.	White Shadows in the South Seas	*Frederick O'Brien*	CENTURY
5.	Steeplejack	*James Huneker*	SCRIBNER
6.	Tahiti Days	*Hector MacQuarrie*	DORAN

FOR THE WHOLE UNITED STATES

1.	The Outline of History	*H. G. Wells*	MACMILLAN
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FOREIGN NOTES AND COMMENT

Literature at Large

IF it pays to advertise, the daily papers of Scandinavia and Germany should, from the point of view of literature, be declaring most comforting dividends; they allow no event in letters to pass unnoticed. Nor do they confine their attention to home trade. G. K. Chesterton's visit to this country has been exploited by "Die Freiheit", a paltry socialist journal of Berlin. I have not, on the other hand, seen a single reference to Maurice Maeterlinck in any one of the three leading Belgian dailies for the past three months until his "Mayor of Stilemonde" was performed the other day in Paris. Searching the press of Brussels for belletristic items is almost as futile an undertaking as it would be to go through the files of "The Congressional Record" looking for madrigals.

And yet the most significant event in European letters during the last month was the formal opening of the Royal Belgian Academy at Brussels on February 15. Taken as a whole, it is a replica of the French Academy, founded by Cardinal Richelieu in 1635. The work very largely of Jules Destrée, Belgian Minister of Arts and Sciences, its "enviable mission will be to watch over the destiny of the French language in Belgium, to preserve its purity, and to be of service to those writers who in turn serve it".

The inauguration was a gala occasion, as Brand Whitlock, American Ambassador to Belgium and one of the favored mortals honored with an invitation to the first meeting of this society of immortals, would probably be glad to testify should an enterprising editor ask him to do so. There was but one rift in the lute: the French Academy was not invited. It seems that the Belgian Academy did not feel that it had the authority to extend an invitation as a body, and the individual members-to-be just plainly forgot about it.

There is one way in which the new Academy will differ from its model in Paris: it will admit *étrangers* and *étrangères*. This statement was made at the first session: "The Belgian Academy will soon admit a woman on whose bosom the French government recently pinned the ribbon of the Legion of Honor." Sarah Bernhardt?

In Denmark something is always taking place in letters. During the latter part of February, Hugh Walpole went to Copenhagen only to find himself surrounded by the literary staff of that virile daily, "Politiken". After paying his respects to Martin Andersen-Nexö, Mr. Walpole replied as follows to a question bearing on contemporary English literature:

> England has undergone a complete change. The English people talk much more openly and freely than before the war. Themes which formerly could not be hinted at in the papers, to say nothing of attempting to treat them in good and mixed society, are now discussed anywhere with vigor and seriousness. Old prejudices are being rapidly routed in favor of a more human point of view. This is due largely to the fact that the English woman became acquainted with life during the war as she never had before. Her familiarity with life as it actually is has aroused her curiosity; she wants the problems of life ironed out but not varnished.

Asked, however, whether the book on which he is now working would

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conform to the ideals of the new England, Mr. Walpole candidly said:

> Hardly. I am after all of the opinion that men have not changed a great deal. They think and feel about as they always did, irrespective of how freely they may talk. And it is men and women, their nature and their character, which the artist must endeavor to understand and visualize in his art.

Portugal, like Denmark, is a small country with a big literature. But unlike Denmark, Portugal is manifestly a bit ill at ease concerning the status of her literature. The "Diario de Noticias", published at Lisbon, has sent out a rather formidable questionnaire with a view to finding out all it can about the literature of Portugal of yesterday, today, and tomorrow. The answers—nothing is more natural—could hardly have been more contradictory. Hipolito Raposo, for example, says it is difficult to speak of a real Portuguese literature today. He finds confusion and nothing more. He contends that the anarchy in and hopelessness of Portuguese letters is equaled only by the political unrest, uncertainty, and dissatisfaction.

Not so Fausto Guedes Teixira, one of the most excellent of living Portuguese lyric writers. He feels that lyric poetry in Portugal is just entering upon a golden age. He greets with enthusiasm the effort being made by some of his colleagues to create a "new style"; he is of the opinion that Portugal is sufficiently cut off from the rest of the world to go its own way, live on its own inspiration, and create the "new poetry".

There are three thin and rusty if not already broken links in Teixira's argument: the literature of a country cannot be judged by studying its lyric poetry alone; there is no such thing as a "new poetry". That is, Portugal must not imagine that she is entering upon a golden age. Good poetry is always proof that its creator is living in a golden age so far as he personally is concerned, while bad poetry is the product of a man who is living in the stone age of individual endowment. And finally, regionalism has slight if any bearing on literature. Portugal does lie somewhat to the side, but her men of letters will derive no benefit from her location. However, there is hope for a country that is concerned about her literature.

And there is on this basis much hope for French literature at present; for the one question the French are asking themselves is this: what can we do to save our literature? A staid theatre in Paris recently appealed to Georges Duhamel, one of the most respected writers in France, to come to the rescue with a "literary" drama. Monsieur Duhamel responded with two one-act plays—which virtually failed. Comedy, cinema, and vaudeville are said to be the only *genres* that meet with unquestioned success on the boulevards of Paris. The situation bears out what Professor William Lyon Phelps says in his new book on modern dramatists: the stage of New York is not one whit inferior to that of Paris, unless it be in the superb team-work of the Parisian players.

Then France is having another trouble. The first dissertation submitted to the University of Strasbourg under French control is by J. M. Carré and is entitled "Goethe en Angleterre". The author says: "Goethe is not our enemy but our ally." French critics are consequently fighting the war over again. Carré devotes the major part of his attention to Carlyle, who saw so much in Goethe that is heroic that when 1870 came he wrote that quite remarkable letter to the London "Times" in which he expressed the hope that "noble, patient, profound

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and pious Germany would now be welded into a united nation to take the place of phantastic, vain, gesticulating and irritable France". If this is not enough to annoy a Frenchman, what would be? He feels, and the "Journal des Débats" says, that had it not been for Carlyle the English might have come across the Channel in 1870 as they did in 1914, and the map of Europe might have been quite different. It is one of the first times in the history of higher education that great national excitement has followed the publication of an essay submitted by a student in partial fulfilment of the requirements for a higher degree.

Nor is it Carlyle alone that is worrying France. On the eve of her resumption of diplomatic relations with the Vatican, she is not satisfied with certain tendencies in Italian literature. Some time ago Virgilio Brocchi published a novel under the title of "Secondo il Cuor Mio", the hero of which is a revolutionary in politics and religion. And what is more, the one revolution is due to the other. If the hero declared war against the state it was because he had arrived, through meditation on the gospels, at a more just conception of the church universal. Now comes Pio Molajoni with his "Crepuscoli et Bagliori", a novel with Rome, or more specifically the Vatican, as the centre of the action; 1900, or the *anno santo*, as the time; and Pope Leo XIII as the objective to be stormed. It is apparently a case of Fogazzaro intensified.

A father, disconcerted at the turn affairs are taking, consults a priest as to what he should make of his son and receives the advice to give him a military training. At this the old man tells his children that the Pope has authority only in matters of faith; in the affairs of real life, King Humbert is the sovereign. There follows a severe picture of Pope Leo XIII, and France is eager to know precisely what is taking place in the Eternal City. Let no one imagine however that it is merely a discussion of religious tenets and Italian politics. It contains enough life for several common novels and is altogether stirring, despite the fact that it closes with this worn and banal sentence: "The more I see of men the more I love animals."

But if France is worried, the United States may feel quite at ease, particularly so far as Europe's interest in and attitude toward us is concerned. It was only a few weeks ago that Helmer Key, the distinguished Swedish publicist, brought out his "My American Journey", a sheaf of praise at which Uncle Sam can only blush with pride. Now Alma Hedin, sister of the Swedish explorer, publishes her "Joy in Work, or What We Can Learn from America". Based on a tour of observation the author made in this country last summer, an idea of its scope may be had from its nine chapter headings: New York, Miss Wald, Rubber Factories, Publishing Houses, Niagara, Jane Addams and Chicago, Steel Corporation, Paterson, House Shortage. Summed up in a few sentences, the gist of this keen analysis would read as follows:

> We work nearly as hard in Sweden as they do in America; but we are so afraid of doing something for somebody else. And we have many things in Sweden that are superior to their equivalents in America; but we do not praise them as the Americans do. Rather we are inclined to run them down, which is quite unwise.

Rarely since the days of Frederika Bremer (died 1865) have Swedes been known to write books in praise of these United States. A new era has already dawned.

ALLEN WILSON PORTERFIELD

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French Notes

MARCEL Proust is probably the most widely discussed writer in Paris. The Prix Goncourt coming to him last year threw his novels into full light. "Du côté de chez Swann" (first rejected by the publishing firm of which it is now the best seller) and "A l'Ombre des Jeunes Filles en Fleur" have just been followed by "Le côté de Guermantes". All these novels are links in a chain (as in Balzac's Human Comedy) which the author humorously calls "Looking after Time Lost" or "Hunting for Lost Hours" (how would our readers translate "A la recherche du temps perdu"?). They are a dense fabric of keen and analytical work. At first sight, it would seem as if the author had left nothing unsaid —a most unforgivable crime for an artist. With more attention, the reader discovers that Marcel Proust has chosen, discriminated, and eliminated as much as any of the most concise and precise of French novelists. "An abundant imagination joined to a lucid observation," say his reviewers. It seems to us that this latter quality is decidedly the dominant one.

Marcel Proust may be the last in the long family of nineteenth century social analysts, which goes from Balzac to Zola; he may be the initiator of a new school in the psychological novel. That he is a powerful connoisseur in human nature and a great craftsman, is beyond dispute.

"Typically French!" is the exclamation you hear from young ladies toying among the French books at Brentano's as they come across some sweetly illustrated almanac where a midinette and an aviator exchange smiles over a supper table. Not less typically French, and perhaps much more, is the robust talent of Pierre Hamp, he who described modern industries and trades, and undertook to write the drama of man and the day's work. His books on labor during the war ("Les Métiers Blessés", etc.) revealed an unsuspected side of the French—their obstinate love for and almost mystical absorption in the work of their hands. His after-war book, "La Victoire Mécanicienne", is filled with living data, more interesting than fiction (read the episode of the old peasants pulling out the barbed-wire poles and "undoing the war"). Pierre Hamp was recently awarded the Lasserre prize. His last book, just out, "Les Chercheurs d'Or", is a contrasting study between misery and exploitation, and a picture of the dramatic conditions among the people in Vienna. The "Gold-Seekers" are the financial adventurers of Europe, who try hurriedly to build their fortune on the ruins of others.

A novelist, a labor expert, and a sociologist (although he angrily resents that scholarly term), Pierre Hamp fills a unique place between scientists and prophets.

Georges Duhamel's career is developing with serenity. He is equally far from seeking Academic honors, and from committing himself to the joyous acrobatics of little schools.

A productive and many-sided artist, Duhamel was, in his first *manière*, a member of the Unanimist group of poets, together with Jules Romains, Charles Vildrac, and others who endeavored to replace self-concern and self-analysis by a broader inspiration from human agglomerations—streets, crowds, cities, and the like. The Verhaeren influence was prominently felt there.

Then came Duhamel the dramatist. "La Lumière" and other plays were

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produced at the Odéon before the war. "L'Œuvre des Athlètes", given last year by the Théâtre du Vieux Colombier in Paris, is a clever and cruel satire of what might be called the "art climber" in that French world where art ranks above society, and where art also has its fakers and profiteers. Some critics have compared this last play to Molière's "Tartuffe".

In the meantime (1914-1918) Duhamel, as a military surgeon, had observed and dealt with human suffering on a larger scale than most of us. He became an efficient, clear-sighted, matter-of-fact enemy of war by the sole virtue of his exactitude and faithfulness in recording "The Lives of the Martyrs"—that is, of the wounded in the great massacre. He was conspicuous among "The Poets against War" in the anthology compiled by the "Sablier" in Geneva, and prefaced by Romain Rolland (1920).

"Possession of the World" affirmed the independence and preeminence of spiritual life. "The Confession at Midnight", recently published, is a novel. It is the story of a man's failure to exist when freed from the routine of his job, in other words, a study of the unbearable weight of freedom on a mediocre character.

Admirers of Duhamel (they are many in America) will find in this last book the qualities of scientific insight, of warm charity, and the love for human truth which characterize this author. To those, however, who have never read Georges Duhamel, we should advise beginning with his greater books—"Civilization" or "The Lives of the Martyrs"—in spite of the present anathema on war books; taboo or not taboo, they are masterpieces.

Is France's greatest living poet a woman? There are many who would agree after reading "Les Forces Eternelles" by the Comtesse de Noailles. The young singer of "Le Cœur Innombrable", "Les Eblouissements", and "Les Vivants et les Morts" had been silent for seven years. The war does not help poets—at least those who feel it too cruelly. In fact, scarcely one-quarter of this book deals with the emotions that war inspired. The other parts are called "Soul of the Landscapes", "Poems of the Spirit", and "Poems of Love". The most perfect fragments are perhaps those devoted to such age-old subjects as a rain in spring, or a garden from childhood.

Comtesse de Noailles writes in the regular, classical French verse (either the alexandrine, or a shorter, more musical metre). She is the living proof that to a gifted artist, there are everlasting motives which still can be treated in words "as new as the morning"—as Witter Bynner said once, speaking of the friendship between America and France.

PIERRE DE LANUX

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NEW PLAYS AND OLD

THOUGH the production of "Macbeth" by Arthur Hopkins, Robert Edmond Jones, and Lionel Barrymore has won no golden opinions from the critics and no golden receipts from the box office, yet has it been a courageous achievement deserving superlative congratulation. In countries without an aristocracy, the theatre must needs be, of course, more a business than an art: with us an art illicitly mated to commercial enterprise. The so-called "success" of a play is an economic test which concerns not art, or the criticism of art, but political economy. The "success" of a play bears as remote a relation to the drama as an art, as a history of the publishers' trade bears to the history of poetry. That "Macbeth" has failed to win popular support may impugn Mr. Hopkins's business tact—but not his artistic judgment or his service to a community he has so uncompromisingly scandalized.

For Mr. Hopkins has jolted us from the deep slumber of our decided opinions; and in so doing he has quickened a critical interest in Shakespeare, and provoked a salutary, if resentful, challenge to our distrust of innovation. It is an open secret that in matters of art we have always chosen to lag a decade or a generation behind Europe. In his experimentations in dramatic art in the direction first popularized by Gordon Craig and since daringly cultivated in countries with any maturity of civilization, Mr. Hopkins has pained us with what we naively take to be a new idea—an innovation that bewilders crustacean simplicity. "Macbeth" has won for itself the tribute of a damnation almost as unprecedented in volume as in irrelevancy. If all who offer detailed damnations of "Macbeth" had actually seen the play, it would still be playing to crowded houses. Those whom I have heard flatter "Macbeth" with the bravest anathemas have known the play only by report: the most arduous faith, in art as in religion, is one unhampered by evidence. Had the play died in decent oblivion, its failure would have been tragedy; but the gnashing of teeth, the tossing of oaths, the troubled vivacity of the revelers at its wake did real glory and honor to the illustrious corpse: its ghost can laugh well pleased.

In "Macbeth" it was Mr. Hopkins's declared intention "to release the radium of Shakespeare"; an intention that he sought to realize by an elimination of every dramatic accessory that is not pregnant with meaning: to make a play that would be, as Mr. Hopkins has put it, "a play of all times and all people". The flaming core of such an endeavor must inevitably be the Shakespearian text; the words of Shakespeare to leap into universal significance by being spoken in an environment stripped of the merely traditional, the merely decorative, the cumbersome and distracting realistic. Such an effort is a return to the simplicity of the Elizabethan stage, but a return enriched by modern resources of stage lighting and recent developments in the pictorial arts.

In the face of Gordon Craig's contention that people go to the theatre primarily to see a spectacle, and only incidentally to hear the spoken word, Mr. Hopkins has had the temerity to

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act as if he believed that supreme poetry could be made the nucleus of an evening's entertainment, poetry to which we abandon our imagination—our eyes and ears receptive to catch overtones of mood from color, pattern, gesture, and music designed to unlock and wing the words. Mr. Hopkins's was a presumptive optimism, as popular resentment has shown. Our imaginations are bovine; we are used to the garish and pseudo-realistic scenery, the reassuring canvas trees and doll's-house battlements and incidental "Home, Sweet Home"; we are like children who refuse to admit that any change in the telling of a familiar story can be an improvement. Substitute a new convention of the theatre for the set of conventions we are hardened to, and you provoke a chorus of "This is not Shakespeare!" for your pains. We go to *see* Shakespeare: a habit fossilized in the very idiom of our speech. We go to *see* Macbeth draw his dagger, to *see* Inverness, and the temple-haunting martlet, and the bloody daggers, and a bedraggled Birnam wood marching toward an operatic Dunsinane, the words being but a clew to, and minor commentary upon, the action. Mr. Hopkins dared to reverse this order of things, to trust to the imagination of the audience and the vitality of the Shakespearian line to carry the burden of the effect. He dispensed completely with the claptrap of the orthodox Shakespearian production, substituting instead a minimum of highly conventionalized symbols. And respectability was revolted at this naked exposure of Shakespeare. The critics could not hear the play for marveling at the conspicuous sparsity of scenery. In New York, it would seem, it takes more than a single rock to make the seacoast of Bohemia.

—*Raymond M. Weaver*

WHEN the intellectual drama was still fairly new and it was a pleasant novelty to find an idea in a play, there was excuse for the belief that John Galsworthy was a really great dramatist. The revival of "The Mob" and the production of "The Skin Game"*, however, settles the matter. He is not an exponent of the drama of ideas. Rather he is an exponent of ideas who is constantly struggling with and failing to conquer the difficulties of the dramatic form.

If I were not in the most thorough accord with his intellectual position I should distrust my judgment. I am convinced that he is forever on the side of the angels, and I admire the impartiality which he always exhibits. But intellectual discussion, however keen and impartial, does not constitute drama. The artist must charm and delight, and Mr. Galsworthy does neither.

The two plays under discussion offer admirable examples of his two typical modes of failure. Both discuss profoundly important topics, and both are profoundly right, yet both leave the spectator cold. The theme of "The Mob"—the universal tendency of the crowd to crush the innovator whom it will later worship—is of the deepest import, yet in the theatre it is frankly a bore because it is pedestrian, literal, and unimaginative. One is sure that events have happened just so, but the author has no flashes of insight, no artistic clairvoyance. He sees what everyone would see—were any group assigned the theme, nine-tenths would select just the incidents which he selects. To compare it with "An Enemy of the People" is to see the difference between conscientious development of a theme and artistic creation. The

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very fantastic character of Ibsen's incidents illustrates the general application of the theme, and his flashes of humor drive it home. His hero is the essence of all enemies of the people, whereas Galsworthy's is merely an unpopular pacifist.

In "The Skin Game" Mr. Galsworthy is even more determined not to be dull, but unfortunately his drama and his ideas, like oil and water, do not mix. The drama of ideas is not made by taking a commonplace melodrama and permitting the characters (when not engaged in plotting against the good name of an unfortunate young lady or committing suicide to cover their shame) to talk about intellectual problems. When Mr. Galsworthy is thoughtful he is not dramatic, and when he is dramatic he is not thoughtful. His emotional scenes do not grow out of his thought, but are tacked on to make climaxes.

When he is explaining to us that out of the bitterness of class conflict comes only mutual debasement, he is thoughtful, but during the whole of the important scene in Chloe's boudoir there is nothing to remind the spectator that he is not witnessing a play by Owen Davis. In "The Mob" Mr. Galsworthy could not objectify his ideas in any except the flattest terms. In "The Skin Game" he could not objectify them without borrowing the whole machinery of conventional melodrama. The preacher in him is sincere, but the playwright is perfunctory.

His difficulties arise from the fact that his temperament is that of the student and not of the artist. He has none of the joy of creation. The great artist in the midst of his profoundest tragedy is carried along by a kind of exultation in his own power, and rejoiceth as a young man about to run a race. The difference between such a man and Mr. Galsworthy is the difference between a conscientious preacher and an inspired prophet. The one is exultant in his message, the other is only painfully earnest. Great art may be and usually is serious, but it is also passionately joyous. It is never merely earnest, and Mr. Galsworthy is merely earnest.

—*Joseph Wood Krutch*

RACHEL CROTHERS'S annual success in the production of poppycock drama is one of the depressing phenomena of the American theatre. Her plays seem to have no relation to the legitimate comedy of sentiment which may be both charming and entertaining. They are a cruel and banal invention of her very own. In "Nice People" she is concerned with the corruption which we are all convinced must run riot through the pages of the social register. Miss Crothers is very certain of her dramatic formulæ, a bit shaky on her facts. It seems likely that she has, at some remote period, known some nice people. Her bright young things chatter the jargon of the 'nineties and smoke cigarettes with a dexterity which at once calls to mind the ladies of the court of Benjamin Harrison. The story is trite, not worth the telling, feebly told, and conventionally sure fire. One excellent performance is given by Robert Ames in the rôle of a bore from the land where the handshake's warmer. It is a pleasantly mythical world in which Miss Crothers lives and pays her income tax, and she serves a happy public which prefers anything to an artistic truth and finds satisfaction in her service. Standing room only almost any night, of course, and well worth the standing if only for the sight of Miss Larrimore in her overalls.

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THE GREEN GODDESS"* is a melodrama of high life in the highest Himalayas built about an aeroplane wreck, a surpassingly beautiful backdrop, and the mannerism of George Arliss. "Built" is the word, for the masterly construction of the play stands out through its every episode. It is the work of William Archer, chief of staff of the old guard of British dramatic critics, the very same whose brilliantly lifeless translations of Ibsen's plays have done as much as anything to insure their failure on the English-speaking stage. To the melodrama enthusiast (ourself, for instance) an imaginary oriental kingdom is an intriguing locale. But the play is disappointingly dull, unimaginative in the writing, and none too vividly acted. Of course it is satisfactory to see the unfortunate though beautiful heroine with the handsome though unfortunate hero freed from the toils of the dissolute though heroic husband and the charming though sinister villain by the eternally prompt rescue party which has done its bit faithfully in the melodrama ever since Birnam Wood came to Dunsinane. The play is rather hindered than helped by Mr. Arliss's inability to pronounce more than three words in succession without pausing to chew his gum and select the next three. His mannerism indeed gives his work the tempo of a flivver climbing a very steep hill in spite of a missing cylinder. The production (by Winthrop Ames) is quite perfect.

THE young man whose shady past was redeemed by war experience was, not long since, a figure familiar enough. Fortunately, perhaps, for many of these redemptions, the young man had usually met his end in glory. Emery Pottle's "The Hero" tests the redemption; the valiant one returns. He returns from the incredible experience of an American in the madness of the French Légion Etrangère, a black sheep once, a hero in terms of the all-redeeming war. The havoc which he wrecks in his brother's home is the answer to the faith he finds there.

This hero is true drawing, done with an adroit and subtle understanding. He is to the life the "Légionnaire", so clearly different from his brothers, the poilu and the doughboy. The playing of Robert Ames made of a rôle already fine, a figure of peculiar and telling vividness. It was in every way a remarkable impersonation, the finest work, as it seems to me, that any young actor has lately accomplished. And Mr. Ames was only one of a distinguished group. Grant Mitchell and Cathleen Macdonald brought a rare poignance to the rôles of the brother and his wife.

A simple, serious, and moving play, very American and a far cry beyond the sordid reporting of Sinclair Lewis and the conscientious depression of Eugene O'Neill. A play like life in its daring intermingling of comedy with tragedy. A play about which, as it seems to me, one may be unqualifiedly enthusiastic.

It was performed only at matinees —a trial against regular performance in the coming season. Good fortune attend it, and may it retain its original cast.

—*S. C. H.*

CLARE KUMMER'S great ability as a dialogician shows up to even better advantage in her one-act plays than it does in her longer ones. It isn't the scintillation of the dialogue that makes it so remarkable; it is the naturalness—the humanness—of

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it. Because of this quality in her writing, Miss Kummer can make an improbable, if not impossible, situation convince an audience. That is just what she does in all of the four plays recently shown at the Punch and Judy theatre. Of these plays, "The Choir Rehearsal" is the only one that has been produced before. The others are: "Bridges", "Chinese Love", and "The Robbery". Each one is based on a single situation, and in each case the dénouement is almost fantastic. Yet so real are Miss Kummer's stage people, and so steeped is every member of the competent cast in the spirit of the play, that it doesn't occur to one until at least an hour after the performance that not one of the plays could ever possibly have happened!

—*Arthur J. Beckhard*

THAT the characteristics of Broadway drama have changed since Edward Sheldon's younger days does not entirely hinder "Romance" from being a fitting vehicle for Doris Keane's return from London. True, the play is a trifle heavy, but so is—so *are* most prima donnas. A textual comparison of "Enter Madame" with "Romance" would be interesting. Both are adventures in musical temperament—the one swift, smooth, biting; the other soft, jerky, sentimental. Yet Miss Keane brings a vivid performance to a shopworn though excellent script which on the whole, while not so entertaining, has more body than Gilda Varesi's piece.

THE outstanding criticism of John Drinkwater's "Mary Stuart"* seems to be that his Queen Mary, abetted by the interpretation of Clare Eames, is a colder person than the bloody lady probably was. Perhaps so. Only Rizzio, Darnley or Bothwell could answer adequately for the warmth of her passion—and they will not tell. It seems to me that in this very restraint of emotion Drinkwater has succeeded in giving us a character strong and subtle enough to be worth discussing; simple, yet with enough underlying complexities to give Miss Eames one of the finest rôles of the season. It was not penned for Bertha Kalich!

Drinkwater has compressed his study of Mary into one act of an hour and a half, the setting in the Queen's chambers at Holyrood on the night of Rizzio's murder. With a modern prologue and epilogue, he has attempted to make the royal lady's search for a great passion argue to a jealous husband that his wife can love two men at the same time. Had I been a jealous husband, Mr. Drinkwater's play would scarcely have sent me home with a forgiving heart. However, the prologue does serve a purpose which is not generally recognized. It points the play, and sets the mind running along psychological lines; it is partly due to its atmosphere that the almost completely successful effect of the rest of the play is secured. From the time when Mary Stuart drifts on through the moonlight to the final curtain, there is scarcely a moment without its consciousness of terrific suspense, without its absorbing interest in this brilliant piece of character drawing and acting. Like "Abraham Lincoln", "Mary Stuart" is a play to see. To read the text is only to realize, if you have seen the performance, that a masterful dramatist can give the most vital acting material in the simplest phrasing. Mr. Drinkwater has again broken traditions of the stage, and has succeeded in giving us a more moving drama than his "Lincoln".

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IN spite of a somewhat ragged performance by the Neighborhood Players, the dramatization of "Buried Alive" still provides a pleasant evening. "The Great Adventure"* lacks some of the telling satire of the novel; but it is thoroughly amusing. The story of the artist who watches the world give over his supposedly dead body the honors that life withheld, has pathos in it which Arnold Bennett does not develop. There are times during the play when one would wish to shoot all art dealers and owners of galleries. Many of them are estimable men, and doubtless they are necessary in the artistic scheme of things; they must lure amiable and wealthy fish, by the bait of a knowledge of good taste, to bite at their *objets d'art*. Nevertheless, when one sees so many perfectly good live artists starving, and so many perfectly useless live dealers rolling in money made on the pictures of dead artists, one is tempted. It's not a new problem, though, and it has little to do with Bennett's play, which recent performances have proven to be an excellent vehicle for amateurs.

—*J. F.*

*Published by Doran.

A BRITTANY LOVE SONG

By William Alexander Percy

MY only love is a sailor lad
Whose home is the fickle sea.
To other girls he gives his smiles,
But his mouth he gives to me.

On Sunday morning after mass
When he is dressed so fine,
He stops before their open doors,
But at night he comes to mine.

O Mary, bless all sailor lads
Whose loves are two, and three,
But mine keep safe from other girls—
Or let him die in the sea!

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THE GOSSIP SHOP

"You've made a great hit!"

Mrs. Drinkwater smiled at us. We squirmed and looked to see if our trousers were particularly well pressed, or if we were wearing a purple tie, or if, for once, we had remembered to brush our hair. Mr. Drinkwater, tall, pale, a little tired from efforts at a rehearsal of his play, had vanished into the other room and came forth now bearing a book most tenderly.

"You see", explained Mrs. Drinkwater, "we have just this afternoon purchased one of the finest existing copies of the 'Hesperides', and you just now said that Herrick was your favorite poet. You see? Just the right thing to say!"

Whereupon we were allowed to handle the precious first edition, and went through boxes and bureau drawers of exquisite little editions of seventeenth century lyricists. Some of them are quite unknown. Yet, when Mr. Drinkwater read us bits of them, we were forced to acknowledge them quite more delightful than most modern poetry.

"All my life", Mr. Drinkwater told us, "I've wanted to be able to buy rare books. Now, you see, I've come to America, and can."

We went on to talk of many things, among them Ralph Hodgson, who has, it seems, a new dog, a dog of which he is very proud. Fortunately, however, the Drinkwaters assure me, he will soon turn from his interest in breeding dogs, to writing poetry again. We hope so. We know of few contemporary poems so excellent as "The Bull".

Along a certain street in New York on any evening a line of drowsy taxi-drivers loll in front of their slouchy cabs. They, with their slanted caps, and their steeds down on their springs with age, look like wood cuts from the pages of Dickens, slightly smeared with thumb-marks. Late one night, or early one morning, we forget which, we picked out a promising cab—a cab that was as roomy as a Twenty-third Street boarding house, that boasted the luxury of a vase for flowers, filled now with cigarette butts. "Don't want a ride," said we, offering a cigar. "Want to talk." "Waddyuh mean, yuh want tuh talk!" said the hunched figure, with a flash of gold tooth. "Want to learn all about taxi-drivers," said we, pulling a magic card on him. "Ohhhhh!" said he, lighting up. "You're that kind of a guy are yuh? Wait a jiff!" Presently from all sides came six peak-capped individuals. "Let's get in!" said my first friend. "We'll tell yuh a thing or two." In we climbed. There was "Izzy" who "kept a diamond in the hollow of his front tooth", and Mike, who claimed to be the largest tip-getter on the East Side. Well, this isn't the place to tell most of the stories they had to offer. But there was one which bears the light of Mr. Sumner's day. "Say," said Izzy, "that guy was drunk. He didn't know what ways he was goin'

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he was goin' so many ways tuh once. 'Take me to the Ritsh!' says he—and what was a guy tuh do, with the Ritz just around the corner? So I takes him into a side street, and he passes out cold, and I jacks up a wheel, and spins the meter, until my arm is so sore she won't stand no more. Up we drives to the Ritz, I feelin' swell like, and we drags him out! He goes through his pockets, and he ain't got a cent! I was beginnin' to feel like a poor nut, and get kind o' sore, when he pulls out a gold watch such as none of you guys is ever seed, and he gives it tuh me. Say, waddyuh know!" "Waddyuh do with the watch?" asked Mike. "Aw, put it in his pocket, yuh gum-head. Couldn't pawn a swell ticker like that an' get away with it. An' he never know'd the difference in the mornin'!"

All of which proves nothing, only that Your Gossip was supposed to be having a chat with Hulbert Footner, whose romantic mustaches add a note of mystery to his "Owl Taxi". But according to our usual custom, we did all the talking. Footner knows taxi-drivers with all their doubtful charm and indubitable mystery; but he acknowledged he'd never trusted his somewhat immaculate person to the ravages of six at once.

Charleston, South Carolina, has recently founded a Poetry Society. Already it has listened to Carl Sandburg's guitar, to Harriet Monroe, and to Jessie Rittenhouse. "The Society is offering four prizes," writes May Waring, and one of them, 'The Skylark Prize', is offered by John Bennett, author of 'Master Skylark' and long a resident of Charleston. Mr. Bennett, by birth an Ohioan and an artist as well as author, has designed the Society's seal, a proudly prancing Pegasus with a slim crescent above his wings; white on a black ground." We wonder, do you remember "Master Skylark" as we do, that little wistful figure in doublet and hose, wandering along Elizabethan roads through the pages of "St. Nicholas"? It was a story that stayed with us for years. We could see Skylark's curls, hear his treble voice, look up with him in the darkness of an old English inn. How we, too, would like to have known the group at the Mermaid Tavern, "John Halifax, Gentleman", "David Copperfield", "Huck" and "Tom", "Mowgli", "Jim Hawkins": gentlemen all, and adventurers; and along with them on the road comes "Master Skylark".

Bert Leston Taylor, "B. L. T." of the Chicago "Tribune", died there, Saturday, March 19, of pneumonia. His "A Line o' Type or Two" was probably read by more people than any other "colyum" in the country. It was appreciated in the town that knew Eugene Field's famous "Sharps and Flats", and its influence for good books was as constant as that of early pages which B. L. T. conducted in other cities. He disliked bombast. He worshiped precision of thought and accuracy of expression. He was a real satirist. E. B. Fullerton, who worked at the desk beside him, says of him in the "Editor and Publisher":

> The building of "the line" was not done haphazardly. He knew type as few printers do and he made "the line" as exact typographically as it was in the writing. After the lines and the paragraphs had been proofed, he fitted them into the column, each in its precise place.
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> As a poet and novelist, he displayed the same precision. Once he was writing an episode dealing with Arizona in February. He waited for the month and then went to Arizona that he might describe it accurately. His good-natured gibes at some of the modern writers for their carelessness of detail were but the natural outgrowth of his own carefulness.
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> In his recreation B. L. T. was given to the

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same study of detail. Much of his leisure time was spent in the North woods where perhaps he was the happiest. He was a good woodsman. He knew how to make a pack to follow the trail, to whip a stream, to handle a canoe, to build a fire and to bed down on spruce boughs.

His humorous verse was, at its funniest, always graceful. It is a spring day; B. L. T. has gone; and we are going to quote his "Ballade of Spring's Unrest":

Up in the woodland where Spring
  Comes as a laggard the breeze
Whispers the pines that the King,
  Fallen, has yielded the keys
  To his White Palace and flees
Northward o'er mountain and dale.
  Speed then the hour that frees!
Ho for the pack and the trail!

Northward my fancy takes wing.
  Restless am I, ill at ease.
Pleasures the city can bring
  Lose now their power to please.
  Barren, all barren, are these;
Town life's a tedious tale;
  That cup is drained to the lees;—
Ho for the pack and the trail!

Ho for the morning I sling
  Pack at my back, and with knees
Brushing a thoroughfare fling
  Into the green mysteries;
  One with the birds and the bees,
One with the squirrel and quail,
  Night, and the stream's melodies:—
Ho for the pack and the trail!

Pictures and music and teas,
  Theatres—books even—stale,
Ho for the smell of the trees!
  Ho for the pack and the trail!

Your Gossip had dinner with Achmed Abdullah in a most Chinese corner of Chinatown. With our digestive apparatus in a state of shocked surprise, our mind struggled to open to its widest while the oriental writer, whose infant lispings had been in Arabic and whose linguistic yearnings are for French, talked of his coming works in English. So fascinatingly did he talk that our attention was not distracted by the beauty of the great opal ring on his thumb. He told us that he is to have a novel out in the fall, called "Night Drums". Our ears straightway remembered the throbbing sounds in "The Emperor Jones", and we determined to buy it. The scene is laid in Africa. He has a collection of short stories in preparation, "Asians All", and one of Chinese stories to be called "Poppies and Jade". He explained—over a bowl of spiced bamboo shoots—that he is also working on a longer novel: an attack on goodness as a guiding principle. Your Gossip was deeply shocked by this, but before we had time to protest, he was telling us of his plays. Besides "Toto", which opened in March, he has written a serious drama for Ditrichstein and two dramas for production by Belasco. And we were carefully taught that the oriental is indolent! After the meal, Achmed Abdullah took the Gossip Shop to his apartment, and dazzled our book-wormish eyes with an oriental profusion of color. The Arab author pointed out his own prayer-rug on the floor, and that of his father, reverently hung on the wall.

As Your Gossip left his apartment, we seemed to pass in one stride from Medina to lower New York.

Three new magazines swim across the rather stormy ocean of publishing. Rocks ahead! However, all sound interesting. "The Broom", an "International Magazine of the Arts", is the most ambitious. It will be a monthly magazine to be published by Americans in Italy and to be distributed throughout Europe and America. Harold A. Loeb and Alfred Kreymborg will be the editors. It is being founded with the idea that an interchange of ideas between artists of both continents will do much toward a closer understanding. No group or 'ism, the editors promise, will be emphasized to

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the exclusion of any other. Prose, poetry, the drama, and reproductions of painting, sculpture, and music offer a wide chance for contributors who may send manuscripts, until June, to 143 West 4th Street, New York City. Since its editors are in no sense decrying America by their migration to Italy but simply seeking new contacts, we see no reason why their venture should not flourish. True, their subscription price is a bit high but this is necessary for a magazine which is ambitious to reproduce properly any respectable paintings. Success to them! On their heels comes "Tempo", or rather, before them; for its first number was announced for April, while "The Broom" will not be launched until September. "Tempo" is to be issued by Oliver Jenkins, a gentle bard of Danvers, Massachusetts. It is to be a magazine devoted to modern poetry. Just what Mr. Jenkins's definition of "modern" may be, remains to be seen. We were just a trifle disappointed in the March issue of "The Measure", though it is excellent in its way. We had hoped for a little more fire. One poem, however, stands out from it brilliantly, and that is Genevieve Taggard's "Ice Age". We hear, by the way, that Miss Taggard has recently been married and has gone to live somewhere in Connecticut. That is sad news, in a sense, for she was very lovely to look at, and we shall not see her so often in Connecticut. Her poem pictures the time when all earth shall be frozen. Here is a part of it. Don't you agree that it has power?

Never a sound of thunder or river,
Torrent or stone,
Only vague breath from the old life-giver,
Making her own
Final, lingering filagree
Of frost blown
On the glass of the sky, in planet and tree
An icicle moon, a torrent and three
Glittering stars half-grown;
A slight tone
Rippling into the still river,
The crisp sea.
. . . . . .
All the beautiful, brave
Colors that curled in the wave
Flooding ground purple and crimsoning air
Are battered and rigid and bare.

Still they come; just as we go to press we find in our basket a dun-colored pamphlet called "The Lyric West", edited by Grace Atherton Dennen, from Los Angeles. It aims, according to the announcement, to do for "the verse writers beyond the Rocky Mountains, what 'Poetry' and 'Contemporary Verse' are doing for the rest of the country". There seems to be some good verse there; but it can do better.

It was with a personal grief that we read the other day of the passing of John Burroughs, who has seemed to us to stand with a very few others somewhat apart from schools and coteries for the dignity of American letters.

Your Gossip remembers a day some five years ago when our serviceable legs carried us in the wake of Mr. Burroughs—literally in his wake, for he covered those mountain roads at a pace that caused a certain readjustment of our ideas regarding our own powers of locomotion—up winding roads on the outskirts of the Catskills, through woods where the trees were nearly bare, to "Slabsides", and deposited us, somewhat breathless but still determined, on a homemade chair of twisted wood on the porch. We perceived at once the wisdom of this man who had so suited to his genius the habitation that was its workshop.

The house was a one room log shack, with a bunk built into one wall, a great stone fireplace, a desk, windows—especially windows. It was not large, but gave the impression of space. There

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was no clutter—a calendar upon which visitors from the ends of the earth had left their names, papers, books, simple cooking utensils, a few rough chairs and settles. From the windows vistas through the woods, a glimpse of a garden, an apple tree or two. We learned presently that our host had made with his own hands the house and the furniture in it, bringing in from the woods branches curved and knotted into the required shapes, fitting them together with a certain naive pleasure in the result. We learned too that he lived here alone for the most part except when someone passed by, literary folk on pilgrimage, attracted by the personality of this great and simple man.

Mr. Burroughs told us with joy of a recent visit of Henry Ford whom he had not previously known. Told us Mr. Ford stopped over two or three days, eating potatoes cooked in the ashes and other equally simple fare, washing dishes, roaming the woods, discussing the universe. Your Gossip recalls vaguely anecdotes of many great literary figures living and dead, but more especially those of Walt Whitman, evidently as much admired and loved by Mr. Burroughs as when he wrote his famous tribute many years ago.

John Burroughs is a vivid picture in our mind. Upright, energetic, restless, white-bearded, white-haired, aggressively independent mentally and physically, shrewdly observant of people and things, impatient of flabbiness mental or physical. Disliking—if we remember aright—Tennyson, appreciating healthy vulgarity, cherishing Whitman for his downright, honest, democratic egoism, loving all poetry for its sturdy form and meaning rather than for its charm and facility. Borrowing thought from no man, building his philosophy and his life on nature rather than on books.

February was a lean month for poetry. Alas! No poems by Miss Lowell anywhere. No poems by Robert Frost, Vachel Lindsay, Sara Teasdale, Edna St. Vincent Millay! Perhaps the following are the most interesting poems of the month: "String of Beads and Petals" by Hilda Conkling in "The Touchstone", "Lost Anchors" by Edwin Arlington Robinson in "The Nation", one or two of the "Six Poems" by Joseph Campbell in "The Dial", and "Two Sonnets" by David Morton in "The Century". "Poetry's" best offering is "Communion" by Hildegarde Flanner. "The Old Fiddler" by Christine Kerr Davis and "The Journal of Cho-Hsi-Chun" do most to enhance the value of "Contemporary Verse". "Oriole's Nest" by Jeannette Marks is as graceful as anything in "The Smart Set". The best poem in "The Freeman" during the month was Charles Wharton Stork's sonnet "To Joseph Severn". "The Flower Market, Copenhagen", was mildly interesting in "The Outlook".

The author of "The Soul of Ann Rutledge" is soon to publish a new novel, whose central figure is said to be "The Great Galilean". A neighbor of hers writes to us that she is one of the most daring of women. Her enthusiasm is unlimited. Five miles out from Little Rock, Arkansas, she is breaking the ground herself for her new house at "Broadview". "She divides her times these days", writes her friend, "between dynamiting a lake site and learning the art of an incubator whose temperature fluctuates from 90 to 120 with alarming rapidity and threatens to make cabaret dancers

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or epileptics of the innocent eggs." We wonder, are the habits of male novelists as exotic? Of course, it is a well-known fact that Walter Prichard Eaton is building his own house at Sheffield, Massachusetts, and that Dorothy Canfield Fisher's husband hewed out the beams for their dwelling in the Vermont hills—but then, neither of them is a novelist. True, Sinclair Lewis is said to have built a model Gopher Prairie.

We had always wanted to meet the author of "The Harbor" and "Blind". "The Harbor", particularly, is one of the few books on our inner lists. We had always wanted to know how its author gathered the material for that detailed study of the roving life of the docks. So, naturally, when we had even the ghost of an excuse, we found him one afternoon at the Foreign Press Service in New York. There, he was just being very much interested in some Italian—or was it Austrian?—who had discovered a new technique of the violin, in a D'Annunzio play, a Spanish essay, and what not; but we were interested in Ernest Poole himself. We attempted to make that plain. He is a slight, dark man, with quick hands, and quick eyes. Perhaps he would be a trifle shy, taking things in the long run. Do you think anyone could write such a novel of New York City, as "Les Miserables" is of Paris? we wondered. Mr. Poole thought not. Paris had a more definite personality. New York was too complex. It could scarcely be done in one novel, even a very long one. Collecting material? Well, it had meant days of wandering around the docks, nights of just standing and listening to what was being said; for Mr. Poole is not the type who bursts into the middle of a scene and becomes part of it. He is the quiet observer of life. He keeps notebooks, too. "The passing of the saloon was a blow," he told me. "There is no place now", we observed, "where a man can drop in, sit down, and hear things. Is there?" "You're mistaken," he corrected me. "You hear some wonderful things on the top of a Fifth Avenue 'bus!" All right; but they're different things. Not like the old days, and no refreshment. Mr. Poole's next novel will probably be called "Beggar's Gold". It is the story of the reaction of New York City on the New England temperament of a young school teacher, male. Through the story, a rather colorful and appealing thread, runs the life of a little Japanese boy who is swept into life by the great cosmopolis.

In May the "Buy a Book a Week" campaign takes a new angle, and one that seems to us a most important one. We can remember quite distinctly that one of our dearest friends gave us a diamond stick pin for our graduation present. Being quite naive in those days, we wore it for a while; but now, we don't! However, we haven't yet been able to amass enough of a fortune to purchase many of the books we want, and while we might pawn the diamond to purchase a complete set of Dickens, we have a sentimental feeling about selling, or not selling, gifts. Mr. Melcher, of "The Publishers' Weekly", tells us that one gentleman was so enthusiastic over a certain book that he bought two hundred copies of it, and presented one to every member of a high school graduating class. Praise be to that gentleman—why don't more people do it? If a boy is going to college, he's going to need Shakespeare. Why not give him a good set, well bound—or even one volume starting him on a set? It wouldn't do

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any harm to present him with a good modern novel, too! Frank Shay, of bookshop fame, is trying to start a movement for healthy men to carry books about with them. He seems to think that there's a curse on being seen reading a book on the street corner. So, he makes a plea for all football captains to carry volumes of Shelley instead of flasks in their hip pockets; claims, in fact, that men insist on his wrapping up their purchases, while women like to be seen with a book in the hand. Now we're not at all sure that he's right; but at any rate, we've succeeded in getting one squash champion, one former baseball captain, a tennis fan, and a prizefighter to promise to carry a book a day in the subway. We gave the prizefighter a copy of a book of our own, and he said, "I shall carry this with me night and day." Which might be called good advertising in doubtful places, don't you think?

Zane Grey is a quiet-voiced man of middle stature. That he spends a large part of his year earnestly collecting material for red-blooded stories, is no harder to believe than most of the gossip the publishers send us about their pet authors. However, in this case, it's quite true. He had just returned from Lower California—or was it Upper Mexico?—where he had been living on barges and in huts, talking with miners and other rough-and-readies, getting the atmosphere of a desert mining camp for the inevitable new novel. Mr. Grey is an unassuming person. One would not imagine, to hear him talking of his next book, that he realized it was to be read by—oh! we don't dare say how many people, because undoubtedly one of his rivals would immediately sue us for libel! At any rate, he is read by a great many people, both here and abroad. There is something essentially American in Zane Grey's books. The characters he portrays may not exist, though we ourselves like to believe they do. We still believe in satyrs, though we have never met anything nearer than a dear gentleman who was very like one, and we are quite certain that before we die we shall have a satyrical encounter or two. So it is with the wild-west heroes. We know they are. We like to read about them, when we tire of neurotic and more sophisticated characters in more literary works. If the actual men and women of the Zane Grey books happen not to exist, well, then, they ought to, because they represent an ideal which is very real in the imagination of the average American.

In the late spring a book will be published whose probable title will be "Mirrors of Washington". It will present a series of character studies of men prominent in American political life, similar to the English "reflections" in "Mirrors of Downing Street". The author, like the "Gentleman with a Duster", will preserve a strict anonymity, according to the publishers who are planning the volume. It should be a most interesting experiment.

"The Atlantic Monthly" has its Opal Whiteley, while Hilda Conkling and Daisy Ashford have taken their places beside precocious Margaret Fleming of other days; why shouldn't THE BOOKMAN have its high school sophomore book reviewer? It has. We do

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not vouch for his age, since we have not yet had a chance to send a detective to Baltimore for investigation purposes. Whoever he is, we take off our hat to him! We think that he writes as H. L. Mencken might have written at seventeen, or, better still, as H. L. Mencken might write if he were trying to be a character from a Tarkington play. However, be that as it may, the influence of "The Smart Set" is certainly apparent. We quote Joseph Leonard Ranft's first epistle to Your Gossip. Next month he is reviewing D. H. Lawrence's "Women in Love".

I received your letter accompanying the return of my "amusing review" of "Moon-Calf", and for your suggestion to write a "little more simply" am greatly indebted.

But as I am but a high school sophomore, the perusal of such things as "The Theory of The Leisure Class", "Religio Medici", "The Ego And His Own", etc., cannot but have succeeded in colouring my vocabulary and ideology to such an extent as to have produced an overtone in my writing.

Then too, in one barren of accomplishments or any abaxial social distinction except a modest proficiency upon the piano, the copious vocabulary symbolizes a protuberance from the herd which is not to be despised. For, my egotism being sufficiently malleable I consider my vocabulary copious.

But, you say, being a high school sophomore why do I not contribute to the school magazine instead of plaguing poor, busy editors with the fruits of my crassness?

I answer you. I like not the boomer quality which is inherent in magazines of this type. Then, too, the rah-rah chaps desire to read chronicles of idealism and football and I know as much about football as I do about idealism so there the matter rests.

I once wrote an essay on the Baltimore poetess, Lizette Woodworth Reese, using her sonnet "Tears" as the subject. It was tedious stuff indeed, but I concluded it with an apt quotation from Huneker:

"Soul landscapes and etched sonnets are pleasing to the ear. What does it matter if they do not mean much?"

I dropped it in the contribution box and on my arrival at school the next day I was beset by the editor, a pathetic donkey with a thick skull. As I say, he has a thick skull but the subtlety of the quotation (also its aptness) did not seem to escape him.

My writings, I suppose, are too impressionistic to ever be accepted, for incidents in novels which I read magnify themselves in my consciousness, whereas their importance may be purely imaginary on my part. But then too, it may be merely the result of poor expression on my part, or, as old Sir Thomas Browne has said, of "depraved understandings and diseased affections."

Richard Le Gallienne is planning to work out another romantic story of the sea, of brigands and buried treasure, of daggers and jolly rogers. "It's fun to be able to put anything you like into a book, don't you think?" he asked. "If you like a hip-booted pirate, why! just put him in!" We had been talking of Lionel Johnson, of William Sharp, of Wilde, and of Aubrey Beardsley. It was a rare privilege to be able to know something of that rather curious group. It was a rare privilege to talk with the man who first recommended many of their manuscripts for publication, though he was then scarcely more than a boy, acting as reader in a London publishing house. Here was the true lover of adventure and romance. His eyes were gay as he waved a book at me. "A William Morris for fifty cents," he boasted. "That's a good day's work, isn't it?" A lover of adventure and of beauty, of the truly lyrical and the swashbuckling romance, Richard Le Gallienne is a critic and poet of the rarest charm.

From what particular point of the universe do ideas for novels come? Usually an author does not know. What was the original germ that was the beginning of the beginning? "Susan Lenox" is said to have originated in the momentary glimpse of the face of a girl on a farm wagon.

Arnold Mulder, author of "The Sand Doctor", remembers the very beginning of the beginning of that book. "I was roaming among the vast areas

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of dunes along Lake Michigan," he said, "and I remember the day and the hour and the minute and the spot. Near a little summer resort port with the melodious Indian name of Saugatuck there is a large tract of migratory dunes; always shifting; look something like stationary waves; beautiful contours of clean lake sand, 'washed by a million years of sun and storm' (I am quoting 'The Sand Doctor'). Seventy years or so ago there was a thriving sawmill village on this site called Singapore, but the 'traveling dune' walked over it, and today the whole village is a miniature New World Pompeii, buried scores of feet beneath the sand, not even the topmost tip of the meeting-house steeple sticking out.

"It was while standing on the grave of Singapore that the idea for 'The Sand Doctor' came to me. The story of the wiping out of Singapore by the slow migrations of the dunes is only a tradition in the book, not at all important to the story, but it was for me the point of departure."

From Chicago comes news of the success of "Dulcy", which is said to be one of the funniest comedies in years, and all that sort of thing. Now, whether he likes it or not, though the drama is writ by two other gentlemen, it is F. P. A.'s "Dulcinea" who is proving to be the guiding spirit to a large box office success. Mr. Adams himself is hugely surprised and pleased, though he insists that he has no connection with the play. There are so many darn things for which the columnist of the New York "Tribune" is responsible, that we often used to wonder whether he lay awake at night thinking of all the fights he had started, the books he had put on the way to success, etc., etc. Then we met him,

and we learned that such matters probably never enter his head twice. He is much too keen a satirist, too much of a hater of bunk, to take himself that seriously. In fact, well, we're glad "Dulcinea", or "Dulcy" as she is known, is a success; for we have been wanting to run this Pepysian or Pepsyian caricature of him for a long time. We don't mean to imply that we needed an excuse. At any rate, here she is.

A note came in from Agnes Ware Bishop this morning, telling us that Sarah Haardt, who had previously been a professor of history in Montgomery, Alabama, is now with "The Saturday Evening Post" as a manuscript reader. "She was first heard of", writes Mrs. Bishop, "through the Writers' Department of the Alabama Federation of Woman's Clubs. She won the prize for the best vers libres last November with her poem called 'A Young Professor'!" This, together with a request that came to us to speak on "Literary Opportunities", started us thinking over some recent events. We didn't speak; but we pondered a bit. There seems to be less advice that

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is definite to be given those intending to follow a literary career, than in any other known form of endeavor. Miss Haardt, for example, was a professor of history, she wrote a poem, now she is on "The Saturday Evening Post". Recently a friend of ours who was successfully selling bonds suddenly became convinced that he must express himself, as he put it. He came on to New York City and asked us what he must do in order to make a living writing. We looked him over in horror. In college he had been what is known as a socially successful man. He had never written a word other than what was required for his English courses, and as little of that as possible. "Go back to selling bonds," we told him. A panic seized us, presently, for he had a family to support, yet insisted on taking up writing for a profession. Last night six different persons, well known in the literary game, mentioned a certain article in "Vanity Fair" to us as the most brilliant piece of writing they had seen in some time. It was written by our friend the bond salesman, and he has sold every word he has written since he started. He's probably making a better living than we are. This gave our complacency a kick. We're never going to try to advise anyone again, even though he may be a cowpuncher, not to try to write lit'ratoor!

The reactions of those who sell books, providing they be people who have reactions, are always fascinating to us. It is unbelievable what uncanny perspicacity the clever bookseller must have in order to sell volumes successfully. He must be able immediately to smell out the Ethel M. Dell appetite from the Robert W. Chambers appetite —there is, believe me, a quite subtle difference—and he must never push, he may only lead. If he foists Sherwood Anderson on a man who wants James Oliver Curwood, he will ruin his business as far as that customer is concerned forever; and the same, inversely, would be true. We asked Fanny Butcher, columnist and bookshop expert of Chicago, for some reactions not long ago, and she sent us the following delightful tale, which might be called a fable but which she claims is true.

I wish that you'd get somebody to figure out some way of telling a customer from a "looker". Can't you suggest that lookers always wear a bachelor button to signify their willingness to look over the spring or fall line but their wariness about making any of 'em part of the family? That would be a great help to such of us booksellers as do our own janitor, office, and outside work, to say nothin' of pounding out a lit'ry colyum now and then.

My idea of the customer de luxe is a lady who came in once dressed like one of those last minute sketches from Paris that Henry Sell puts in his handsome magazine, smelling—if one may be so vulgar as to use such a word about a golden goddess—of the glory which once was Coty's L'effleurt (price ten dollars per ounce), with enough brilliancy on the hands to make a Tiffany salesman shrivel up and die of envy. Her accent was the upper seventies east of the Drive. Said she, "I want to speak to *Miss Butcher*." Sezzi, humble like, "I'm Miss Butcher." She looked at me disapprovingly! She obviously expected me to look like Elsie de Wolfe, and when she saw a more or less young thing in a frock copied from but not made by Callot she said, "Well I suppose if you say you're Miss Butcher you are. I'm in a hurry and I'd like to leave this matter entirely in your hands. We have just moved into an apartment where there are some bookcases. My decorator has found a way of curtaining the shelves, but he insists that to carry out the idea engendered by the shelves we must have a few books on the long table back of the davenport which is in front of the fireplace you know. He has selected some very charming old bookends for that purpose. He says that about twenty books will fill them. I hear that you have some taste in books (with a slightly insinuating accent on the *books*) and I will leave entirely in your hands the selection of twenty volumes for that purpose."

"Do you want them to be books you'd read yourself or books of literary distinction?" I said with my usual sweetness.

"Oh, books of literary distinction by all means," she said, and left. That's what I call being a customer in the grand manner.

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